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# The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 52. [ PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY. ] WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 30TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

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64, Manor Park Road, LONDON, N.W.

Sincerely Yours
The Editor.

# The Modern Man

*I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.*—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 52. WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 30TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.


## BEING A MAN.

### A WORD WITH THE TIMID CHAP.

There is a certain amount of pleasure in merely living; what may be its exact cause has never been defined, but just to live—provided there is no negative condition such as ill-health or absolute poverty—is in itself a pleasure.

The obtaining of further pleasure is the object for which most of us work. Sometimes our idea of pleasure is warped, and we fly to the immediate, forgetting that the consequences of it may be much more painful than the pleasing sensations originally obtained, so that the balance of the account for the item stands on the debit side.

Drinking, the injudicious spending of money, and several other things may be classed in this category; but there is one keen pleasure which not only has no bad after-results, but which is a permanent source of gratification.

It is being a man in the fullest sense of the word.

Every man has his own conception of what constitutes complete manhood. To some the ideal man is the great athlete; to some he is the successful business man; to some he is a combination of both. Ideals vary, but there is one thing on which all men are agreed, and that is that what we call courage is a highly desirable possession.

You may see a man riding a restive horse, apparently unalarmed and thoroughly at his ease, and you may envy that man's completeness.

You have made your observations and have drawn your deductions, and possibly your final conclusion is that some people are more gifted than others in the matter of nerve, and that you have simply to content yourself with being one of the weaker brand.

Here, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, you are in error. That man is not more gifted than yourself.

Recently I was talking to one of the cleverest horsemen I know. He is a man who would ride anything on four legs, and, after seeing him tackling a vicious mount, I told him that I wished I had his nerve.

"Perhaps," he said, "I have some nerve now, but what there is of it has been bred by custom, for I am sure it was not born in me. When I started riding I used to shake with fright, and when a horse shies at anything I am afraid still; but a man on a horse is looked at by everybody in sight, and it does not do for him to show the white feather. Sometimes there is a smile on my lips when my knees are shaking against the saddle."

This is only one instance, but a little thing may serve to drive home a great truth, and the truth is that courage, complete manliness, or whatever you like to call it, is within the reach of every man. The apparent hero is exactly as yourself, except that he has forced himself to forget the fact that he is a coward. You can be as he is.

DAVID COOPER.

## CHEEK.

We are wondering what our professional boxers will have to say to this election battle-cry of "Tax the Dukes."

* * * * * * *

Two burglars who broke into a swimming bath the other day were subsequently arrested—which just shows you how the authorities are prone to nip in the bud even Mr. William Sikes's zeal for cleanliness.

* * * * * * *

The "Daily Mirror" described the pictures at a certain art exhibition as of the "picture postcard type." In these days of adverse critics it seems hard for the artist to draw anything to his own satisfaction—even a salary.

* * * * * * *

Miss Ainsworth objected, said the "Daily News," to being "fed by force." Is there any truth in the rumour that the manufacturers of a certain well-known breakfast food are going to law about it?

* * * * * * *

Fortune certainly smiled on the butcher whose herd of cattle were run into the other day on the way from market by an earl's motor-car. Instead of his marking them "Grazed by Farmer Giles," he is now in the position to placard the succulent sirloin: "Grazed by the Earl of ——'s motor-car."

* * * * * * *

The gentleman who received two black eyes and a broken nose for attempting to kiss a girl in the streets of Dundee is hardly likely to be much attached to that pathetic little ballad: "Will you love me in December as you did in—Dundee?"

* * * * * * *

The German Army, it is said, has indulged in an inordinate amount of shooting practice this year. Can it be that the slow-witted Teuton has realised what an extraordinary shot he will have to be to hit *some* of our Territorial recruits?

* * * * * * *

At the top of the cover of "The Girl's Friend" appeared "Do not Miss 'A Ruined Home.'" Thanks—but we should prefer to, all the same; that is, if Mr. Lloyd George kindly leaves us any home to ruin.

* * * * * * *

Judge Rentoul admitted before the Bartholomew Club that one of the fourteen mistakes of his life was "To set up our own standard of right and wrong, and expect everyone to conform to it." Various "financiers" have recently had cause to think that this is also one of the most poignant errors in the laws of England.

* * * * * * *

It appears that there are to be "New London Port Dues." An eminent judge of wine has been heard to remark that it doesn't matter so long as they leave old port alone.

* * * * * * *

Many companies are now being floated without the issue of prospectuses. Another blow at highly imaginative journalism.

I. B. PONDERS.

## ACCIDENTS WITH HORSES.

### SOME HINTS ON THEIR PREVENTION.

That accidents with horses are common is proved by the fact that the premium demanded by insurance companies for grooms is a heavy one, and yet, if one is careful, there is no reason why there should be a greater probability of accident in dealing with a horse than in any other form of labour or sport.

The commonest accident that happens to a groom is being kicked or bitten.

A horse is most liable to kick when you lift one of his hind feet. If you suddenly pick up a horse's hind foot it is only natural that he should jerk it or possibly lash out, for he is essentially nervous and does not know what you are up to.

The right way to pick up a horse's hind foot is to put your hand on his back and run it down over his quarters and down his hind leg till you reach the fetlock.

While you are examining, washing, or doing anything else to a hind foot, keep your left hand all the time upon the hamstring just above the hock. If you do this your fingers will tell you that the horse is going to move his foot a second before he does actually move it, and you are therefore prepared.

As for a biting horse, this can only be put down to sheer viciousness, and it should never be excused. If while you are girthing a horse or grooming him he attempts to bite you, give him a rap on the nose at once, and a hard one. It is not pleasant to have to deal with a horse which is unkindly, but circumstances sometimes compel us to do so, and it is worth while curing this vice when you come across it.

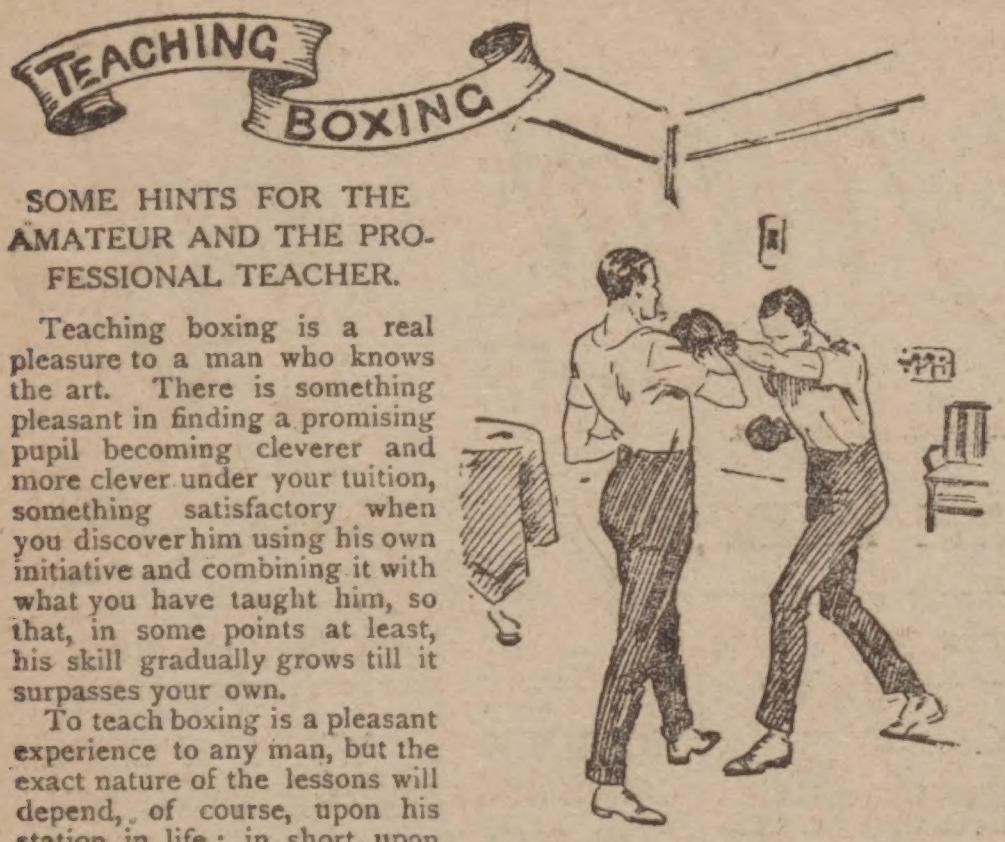
An accident which occurs frequently and which, though not serious, is very uncomfortable at the time, is having your foot trodden upon by a horse. You may have this happen in the stable or when you are leading him outside. There is no magic recipe in this case, you must simply keep clear of his feet.

In riding, there are many accidents which would not occur so often if horsemen were more careful.

If you are trotting along and a dog comes snapping at your horse's heels you should pull up to a walk at once, and should let the dog have your whip if you happen to be carrying one. A horse is not so excitable when he is at the walk as he is when trotting, and it is seldom that he will try to bolt from a dog unless he is already going at a fair pace.

This also applies to other road nuisances. If you have reason to suppose that your horse will be afraid of a steam-roller or a motor-car, it is advisable for you to walk him past it; then, if he springs to one side, you go with him and are not unseated. If, on the other hand, you are trotting at a fair pace, and he springs unexpectedly in any direction, you may come a cropper unless you have an exceptionally good seat.

H. A. HOLMES.




## SOME HINTS FOR THE AMATEUR AND THE PROFESSIONAL TEACHER.

Teaching boxing is a real pleasure to a man who knows the art. There is something pleasant in finding a promising pupil becoming cleverer and more clever under your tuition, something satisfactory when you discover him using his own initiative and combining it with what you have taught him, so that, in some points at least, his skill gradually grows till it surpasses your own.

To teach boxing is a pleasant experience to any man, but the exact nature of the lessons will depend, of course, upon his station in life; in short, upon whether he wants to make money out of it or not.

If a man wants to make money by teaching boxing, his best plan is to insert a small notice in the football editions of his local evening papers. A course of twelve lessons is the usual number, and the minimum price should be 2s. 6d. for each lesson, although 5s. is a fairer charge, when you consider the amount of exertion which the teacher has to put into his business.

In working up a connection as a teacher of boxing you should endeavour to give your pupils as good an opinion of themselves as possible, for it is only if they think they are good at it that they will start to brag about your proficiency in teaching, and it is only when they talk about you that you are in the way of securing fresh pupils.

### SPARE-TIME MONEY-MAKING.

Another hint in the matter of making money in this line is to make special terms for pupils who may be considered finished and who simply want practice in sparring.

The usual custom for teachers of boxing is to devote half an hour to the teaching of guards and counters, and half an hour to putting these into practice in the form of sparring. When a man has gone through a course he knows all the guards and counters, or at least he feels that he does so, but, unless he is an absolute ass, he realises the need for constant practice at sparring if he is ever going to acquire the art of employing these guards and counters without having to pause to consider which one he ought to use.

The best man to give him this sparring practice is his own instructor, and a special arrangement should be come to in regard to sparring practice, for the pupil does not feel that he ought to pay so much as he did when he was simply a greenhorn.

While I am still dealing with the matter of making money out of boxing lessons I may mention that one system followed by many instructors is that of starting a club, the subscriptions to which are not very large.

### A BOXING CLUB.

In a working-class neighbourhood you can thus secure pupils who could not afford to come to you for private lessons. The usual custom is to give each member about five minutes' tuition during the evening, and to set them sparring together in couples.

The result is not quite so satisfactory as private tuition, because a pupil who is practising with another novice is apt to get into a bad style, but still, the members of a club of this description are learning boxing after a manner, and, had it not been for the formation of the club they would not have been able to learn it at all.

The subscription that should be charged in connection with such a club is a matter for calculation, for it depends upon the number you consider likely to join. You should see, however, that the money which is to come in to you for each evening's work will be at least fifty per cent. better than what you would take for private lessons, for the wear and tear upon yourself will be considerably greater. Remember that, instead of boxing with the same pupil for an hour, you are taking on a fresh man each five minutes, and, in spite of your own condition being sound, this is bound to tire you out.

The man who is an enthusiast and who desires to add to his income by means of some spare time employment, can find no more pleasant method of swelling his purse than by teaching boxing.

But there are others to whom the teaching of boxing must necessarily appeal, men who have been so circumstanced that they do not require or desire to make money in this way, but who may find great pleasure in teaching others.

### TEACHING FOR LOVE OF IT.

The pupils in such a case will not be advertised for, but will be your own personal friends, and there are always plenty of them who are anxious to learn.

I shall now deal to some extent with the best method of teaching, and it applies as much to the amateur as to one who is making money out of it.

First and foremost, write out an exact description of the thirty hits, guards, and counters, or consult No. 8 of The Modern Man, in which such a list appears.

Teach your pupil three fresh hits or guards at each lesson, and in preparation for the next lesson have a look at your list. A man may know all the hits in boxing and all the guards, and may even be a very proficient fighter, but still, when he is suddenly potted with the problem as to which hit No. 7 may be, his memory is apt to play him a trick, and a man does not like to seem to have forgotten anything when he is teaching someone who is placing all confidence in him.

The next point in teaching a man to box is to give him courage. Nearly all novices are doing their best to conceal the blue funk they are feeling, and it is only natural that a man should feel a little timid when he has the gloves on with someone who is to him an expert.

### MAKING A MAN OF HIM.

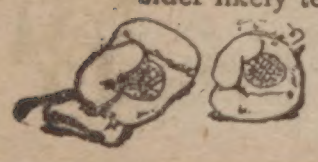
You can make your pupil plucky—and it is not much fun to you to fight with one who is not—by refraining from hitting him hard. If you knock him about, you are not giving him confidence, but are only making him nervous.

On the other hand, you should not refrain from hitting him altogether, for, if you do that, he will feel that you consider him not worth taking seriously. Hit by all means, for it makes him accustomed to blows and stops him from being afraid of them, but see that you hit him with the gloves open and not hard closed.

Above all things, be patient. At the second lesson you will find that the pupil has forgotten the three hits which you taught him at the first lesson. When you show them to him again, however, they will all come back to him, and it should be your object to convince him that he is not a duffer for having forgotten them, but that everybody else forgets them, too.

Beyond these hints and the knowledge that you are bringing to bear, I do not think that there is much help that I can offer you. Your real reward will come with the gratitude that will be entertained towards you by the man whom you have made more of a man by teaching him how to look after himself.

F. Hickson.



# MALE EMOTIONS.

## XIV. LOVE FROM THE SPIRITUALISTIC VIEWPOINT.

If the materialistic view of love, set forth roughly last week, was the final and true conception of the emotion, mankind would be no higher as a species in creation, than the animals.

There are some, I know, who are content to hold the view that he is no higher, but to them it is only necessary to point out that man is the only being who has produced art—the art of poetry, of music, of painting. Art is an attempt to express beauty, and the spirit of beauty is simply and completely love.

Every man, if he will be honest, must admit that he has no love for anything but the beautiful. He may love a bulldog or a plain-featured woman, both of which might appear ugly to those who disliked them, but his love discerns the beauty of the spirit existent in them. Beauty, after all, is but a name. It is love revealing the spirit of itself.

Now, sweeping as the statement may be, it is a real and vivid truth that without love no man can live. It is an absolute essential. He may be dead to all definite loves, such as love for woman, love for children, friends, animals, but even if his case be as extreme as this (and rare indeed it is) he will have love for the tender green of spring, the song of birds, the rugged outline of a cloud-topped mountain, the leaping splendour of a storm at sea.

Let any man who reads these lines and imagines that he stands alone in the arena of life, desolate and uncared for, even, maybe, the butt of jeers and hatred, let him think of the wild beauty of a storm in darkness. Does he find love destitute within him then? Does not Nature capture him, uplift him, tell him of her love for him? Yes! when the love of mankind is stripped away Nature opens her arms and calls you hers.

You must not only be loved, you too must love. Conceive, if you can, yourself bereft of the instinct of love for everything and you will see yourself the victim of the desolation of death.

There is then this unchallengeable fact in love—that it must be mutual for it to exist. I wonder how many people realise it. Hopeless love, blighted love, the love that will "adore you for ever, hate me as you will," and, indeed, all other specimens of love frustrated, are pretty self-deceptions, balm to wounded egoism; but there is no love living throughout the world but mutual love.

Your love for Nature is but the sharing of the love you feel she has for you; your love for woman is but the toy called Passion, unless her whole self and yours fuse together in the flame of the spirit of love. You have no affection for the man who dislikes you; you do not love a dog who bristles and bares his teeth at the sight of you.

The philosophers who look upon the emotion of love as purely material, the instinct which ensures the perpetuity of the species, are, as I said last week, not wrong, but only fractionally right. They mistake a revelation of love for love itself.

The revelations of love are infinite. The arts, scientific achievements, athletic records, prowess of all kinds, spiritual and physical, owe their origin to the power of love, that instinct in a man which, seeing perfection and beauty in things, imbues him with desire to emulate.

Of the state known as being in love I have not the daring or the ability to say much. Every human being beneath the sun falls in love, and the only incentive towards deeds that will be durable and worthy arises out of this mysterious essence within the substance of things.

A man when he meets the woman whom, without reasoning, he recognises as necessary to his life is at the beginning of fulfilment. Love, if defended as a sacred thing, will develop him to his utter-most. It will give him an insight into the possibilities of himself and the purpose behind the things seen.

For, inarticulate though it may make him, he will understand that the motive power of creation must be love, or it is all a shocking waste of time.

C. Wolff.

# "WET THROUGH."

## THE PLEASURE OF BEING OUT IN THE RAIN.

We had started early, after a big breakfast, to walk through a little populated tract of open country, at the far side of which, twelve miles distant from our starting-place, lay the little town under the edge of the hills over whose broad track our course for the greater part lay.

It was our only chance, probably for many years to come, of visiting scenes which, many years previously, had meant home and all that that implies. And so, in spite of threatening clouds and gradually moistening roads, we set out, hoping for the best of weather, but secretly, in our hearts, fearing the worst, which after all amounts to much the same thing.

Being in the country and equipped for country pursuits, we scorned overcoats and umbrellas, and had cut down our equipment to its lowest limits.

With every step away from our base the rain increased: gradually and without wind or deluge, but persistently, silently, stealthily. Though we knew that there would be no turning back, each of us wondered without daring to broach the subject how far the other's determination would carry him; for each of us knew the deadening effects of a faint heart or an unwilling companion on such a journey.

Has it not often happened to you, when out on some long tramp, that the man who develops a stitch in his side, or a blistering heel, or even a worrying toothache, casts unwillingly a blight and a gloom over the whole day?

So it was with us. Each wondered whether the other was game and was going on, though neither cared to betray his thoughts. There was still time to repent and return. Things were getting gloomier than ever. A mist lay over the hedges and trees, the fields were blurred, and the dismal outlook was completed by a farmer's cart jogging heavily through the rain, the farmer's wife a picture of misery, and trying, without success, to preserve her millinery from the devastating wet.

The whole turn-out suggested the utmost forlornness and lack of spirit. But it brought us to the point in a most unexpected way.

We had both seen the unhappy plight of the farmer and his wife, and his labouring, steaming cob, and by the same impulse we knew that something of that wretchedness was reflected in us.

Instinctively we looked one another in the face. There was no need for words. Without mutual encouragement we might as well turn and tramp silently back.

"What d'you think about it?"

"Bit rotten, isn't it?"

"I'm getting wet through."

"So am I."

"Come on; let's have a good time while we're in it."

"Right you are."

The rain had long since penetrated our caps, and was now trickling in irritating runnels down our hair towards the neck. The collars of our soft shirts were saturated; a cool dampness was spreading over our shoulders and down our backs; while from the thigh downwards to the top of the boot a clinging sensation of wetness was stealing rapidly round.

But, after all, the one thing that was of supreme importance was standing the test well. Our boots seemed to enjoy the game of keeping out the wet. In all other respects we were unquestionably soaking, dripping, running, wringing wet through!

From the moment that we realised and recognised this fact our troubles seemed to vanish. We could get no wetter, and all was well.

We quickened our pace, making the blood flow more rapidly, and induced something of the glow one feels on leaving the morning tub. Mile on mile we tramped, and for all we knew the rain had ceased.

Certainly it had ceased to trouble us, so long as we were out in it and were on the move; and now, when we recall the great days in our sporting memories, the "wet walk" is one of the most cherished.

J. G. HAYWARD.

# WHERE THIS PAPER IS PRODUCED.

*The following sketches of the three buildings in which the business of* THE MODERN MAN *is transacted may interest some of my readers, and I therefore have pleasure in printing them.* — EDITOR.

WHERE THE PAPER IS EDITED.

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# PLANNING YOUR SPORTS.

## SOME HINTS ON THE WINTER PROGRAMME.

There is no more dangerous pitfall for the sportsman than the groove.

We are all apt to settle down into grooves, and unhappily the sportsman is not by any means exempt from the liability to do so.

Indeed it is rather easier to get into a groove of sport than it is into any other groove. The reason is that, as a rule, the sportsman takes up the form of exercise that comes first to hand, and is often so occupied with it that he never thinks of having a change or varying his exercises.

Many a man has become an expert, even a champion, at one sport at the expense of the loss of all-round athletic proficiency.

Of the two things I have little doubt which the sportsman would choose.

There is another sound reason why a man should go in for different sports, instead of sticking to one, and that is, that variety keeps his interest alive and prevents his tiring of sport before he ought to.

In filling up the time one devotes to sport, then, it is well to guard against this danger of fixing upon something that is ready at hand. By looking for freshness in the way of sport, one ensures much greater physical enjoyment than if one took up the first that came along and stuck to it "for want of a better."

In such a case a man is like the customer in a hurry who rushes into a restaurant and asks: "What is ready, waiter?" He gets something that he may or may not care about. He has no chance of suiting himself, but takes whatever comes quickest. So it is with the sportsman who just now is looking at the "bill of fare" of sport which the autumn and the coming winter are offering to take the sportsman's fancy.

This matter of settling the winter programme is an important one. At all costs the sportsman should avoid concentrating his energies too much on one pastime.

Let him, if he feels a bent towards one sport, make that one his principal concern, but on no account let him sell himself, as it were, body and soul to it.

This is not the way to get the best out of the all-too-short hours a man can call his own in these strenuous business days. It prevents a man from reaching to his full physical development, and tends to make him lopsided in his sporting enthusiasms.

As in food, so in sport, variety is the secret of health and enjoyment. And sports should be chosen for the change they will afford a man's physical energies. If walking happens to be your hobby—and it is a splendid sign that walking clubs are again springing up—then adopt some form of special exercise for the upper limbs as a source of pleasant relaxation now and again.

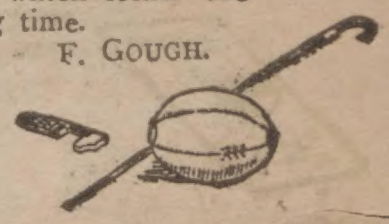
It is a fairly safe rule to keep up cycling along with whatever sport forms a man's principal interest. Cycling keeps you in very good general condition. It helps your arms, legs, back, wind, and general endurance in a wonderful manner, and is one of the best of all-round methods of keeping supple and fit.

It is a form of exercise that can be indulged in all the year round, with a little sensible attention to suitable dress, and there is hardly any exercise that can be so easily taken up and so readily dropped. Half an hour or half a day can both be made to yield their enjoyment when the bicycle is the medium.

As in every branch of life, the secret of health and success is change, and again change. The principal result of variety in sport is that it prevents a man from getting "stale." He is very apt to get "stale" after a long course of one sport, and perhaps he abandons even that one as being a mere weariness to the flesh instead of a source of fresh life and energy.

In planning this winter's sport, then, leave room for a change from that which forms the main occupation of your sporting time.

F. GOUGH.



# The Revolt

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

No one ever seemed clearly to understand how it was that Hector Ferguson had come to marry her. She could not have been less than ten years his senior, despite her juvenile toilette, her yellow-gold hair, and her manner of would-be spontaneous freshness which only succeeded in being elaborate artificiality.

She had innocent blue eyes and a rather impudently tilted nose, white teeth, and a coarse mouth.

Hector did not know the mouth was coarse until she had been his wife for a week or two. It came upon him with a shock. He noticed it one breakfast-time—that critical hour of the day for a woman of pretence—and it was to him like a cold douche. Only the way her mouth moved as she ate—that was all. But the beginning of criticism is the beginning of disillusion.

He met her at a seaside hotel, and he married her within a month by special licence. She said she had until recently owned a florist's shop "in town." He did not care just then who she was or where she had come from. He was for the time being a blind, infatuated fool. There was a sort of physical warmth that seemed to emanate from her whole personality, which lulled his common-sense to sleep.

Had he been an older and a more experienced man it would probably have been an *affaire d'amour*, and ended at that. But he wasn't, and it didn't take her long to discover the fact.

Nor was she slow to ascertain that for a fellow of twenty-five his worldly position was exceptionally good. He had inherited a prosperous business from his father, and as she was going off a little and weary enough of her mode of life—into the details of which it is unnecessary to enter—to have a hankering for a social position and respectability, she got him united to her, for better or worse, till death did them part, almost before he knew what had happened.

Up till now he had lived in comfortable style with his widowed mother, who also was well provided for, and a couple of sisters, in a pleasant suburb of London. He had been used to refinement, affection, and intelligent interest in himself and his doings.

He made the mistake of taking a house in the same neighbourhood as his family. Within a few months his wife and they were not on speaking terms, and the fumes of passion that had obscured his reason were slowly clearing away. He saw the coarse mouth, her perpetual little vulgarisms, the showiness of her clothes. The twanginess of her voice he grew to hate. He fought through a state of sick bewilderment to the cold reality that he was the mate and companion of a type lower than himself, that she would degrade him the same as another might have uplifted him.

And but a short time since he dreamed such dreams!

* * *

Not much more than a year later, after she had again come home from town in a cab, intoxicated and riotous, he made a determined effort to escape from the toils that he found were strangling his manhood.

She was lying down on the sofa, sullen and subdued, when he got home from his business. The servant brought in his tea, but he pushed it aside untasted.

The year of matrimony had wrought heavy changes in both of them. She had grown stout and loose about the neck and eyes. There were lines on his face that spoke of long-practised endurance.

"How long is this going on?" he asked her patiently.

"Go to h——l!" she said, with her eyes shut.

He gave a little, desperate laugh. "That's what we're both doing, it seems to me. A pleasant way to spend life, galloping towards perdition! But I'm getting rather tired of it. Everything comes to an end, you know."

She muttered something.

"I want you to leave me," he said quietly, "and go and stay with your friends for good."

"So you've said before."

"I mean it this time," he said, incisively.

"Do you?" she retorted sarcastically. "Well, you can go on meaning it."

He controlled his rising temper. That was the accursed part of it—she could always work him up to a pitch of impotence.

"You can have five pounds a week," he went on, "and you can do exactly as you like."

She swung her feet down and sat erect suddenly. There was a dull flush on her face.

"I don't do exactly as I like now, do I?" she sneered. "I'm your faithful and obedient wife! Yes, I *don't* think! You'd divorce me if you could, if you thought anything you did would matter a rap to me. Bah! I'm very, very comfortable with you, thanks, and a sight too fly to give you any cause to divorce me. Go on! get whiter and whiter because you don't know what to say, you miserable young puppy!"

Alternately she gibed and laughed, rocking backwards and forwards in glee as she did so, until he jumped to his feet and went out—out *anywhere*, before he did something desperate.

He had dropped his old bachelor friends. He felt that they despised him for having been such a fool, or pitied him, which was the same thing

Things were becoming unbearable. Her reckless extravagances were ruining him, her abominable behaviour was the talk of the place. The only crumb of consolation was that there was no child.

"Thank God for that!" he muttered.

Many a time he had felt a mad, almost irresistible impulse to take his life, or hers, or to throw himself headlong into the seething whirlpool of vice. But behind it all was the fear that his only reward would be the knowledge that she had dragged him to the level of herself, and an invincible determination that, come what would, he would maintain the decency of his character.

It was past midnight when he returned, but she was waiting for him—drunk.

He had hoped to slip quietly to his room, but evidently some evil instinct of vindictiveness had been working within her because of something he had said, and she meant to vent it on him ere she slept.

There was a scene, a vile, degrading scene. She struck him at last across the face with her open hand. A blow from a woman is, perhaps, the greatest humiliation a man can bear. He made no retaliation; he went out again.

He walked now with an absolute stillness of soul, walked until he came to the City, where he went to an hotel and spent the night.

The next day she came to see him at his office, perfumed, overdressed, repentant.

"I've done," he said. "You can go to the devil."

He did not know much of women, or he would never have imagined she was to be got rid of so easily. Something had snapped within him. He was calm and absolutely indifferent. She had hysterics, and he was forced into the ignominious position of applying smelling-salts.

She was there again the next day, quieter, and full of gentle sorrow. He was young enough to be impressed, and he went back to live with her.

In a week she was as bad again.

* * *

"I've got some news for you," he told her pleasantly, a certain evening some short while afterwards, when she happened to be sober enough to talk rationally.

She looked suspiciously at him. There was a light-heartedness in his tone which she had not heard for a long time, and for which she felt vicious resentment.

"I'm going to take you to Canada," he continued. "The boat sails the day after to-morrow, so you had better make haste and pack your things."

She informed him where she would see him before she did anything of the kind.

"Please yourself," he said.

"The business?" she gasped.

"Sold."

"You brute! You never mean it?"

"Don't I? It's the only thing I've really meant since I was born."

"You're deserting me."

"Not a bit of it," he contradicted cheerfully. "Here's your ticket." He threw the papers across to her. "I'm going to make a woman of you, or kill you with hardship. You can see where I've booked to. It's as far out as the pioneers have got. They tell me there are no women just there, so you'll be useful.

"I'm going to buy a farm," he went on casually, "and there'll probably be a score of men for you to look after. There'll be no jolly friends, no music-halls, no *drink*——"

"You coward!" she hissed.

He smiled coldly.

"I am," he admitted. "I'm running away from you. You'd hound me wherever I was in this country. Well, I'm going to one where you won't dare to come, but where, if you do, if there's any decency in you it will come out. You've got the option. There's your ticket."

She looked from the papers to him helplessly. She knew infallibly that he was in earnest. Something strange struggled in her face for expression.

"Why—why didn't you go without telling me?" she whispered. "You needn't have done."

"Why?" His lips curled grimly. "You'd never understand why."

"Shouldn't I?" she returned quickly, and she gave a laugh whose ring he had never heard before. "Oh, Hector, what a lot you know of women! Do you think I can't see it's because you've got such complete contempt for me that you won't do an underhand thing? You could have gone without a word and never have seen me again, and you'd always have thought I'd left my stain on you if you had.

"D'you think that a woman who drinks doesn't go through hell herself, when she's alone and thinking? D'you think that below all of me you've ever seen there isn't a heart?

"I'm coming!" she said, thumping the table triumphantly. "I'm coming. You've given me the one great chance. I don't want to be your wife. I want to work for you, to *have* to work, for you and for the others. You can pay me a wage if you like."

He was staring at her open-eyed.

"I don't care!" she said, with a fling back of the head. "You won't be sorry before it's done. You think this is another wicked trick of mine to make you miserable. It isn't. It's to save myself, to fight this—this——"

"Hector," she said suddenly, with a break in her voice, "I want to make up. I want to be of use." She threw out her hands a little. "Can't you see?"

"Good heavens!" he said, taking a step towards her.

"No." She waved him back. "Don't touch me. Don't do anything but say you—you——"

"My dear, don't!" he said.

She fought back her tears.

"But say you won't interfere with my chance."

In silence he regarded her long and steadfastly. Then he gave the sharp sigh which meant that he would risk it.

"We'll try," he said. "Who knows?"

# DRESSING AND UNDRESSING

## HOW DO YOU DO IT?

It may seem a trivial matter, but we all dress and undress at least once a day, and many of us do so two or three times.

How do we do it? Very few could say. We get into a routine, and put our clothes on or take them off without thinking.

How many men can say which arm they put into the sleeve first, or which leg is the first to be clothed? It is not the same with every man, but with most it is the right arm and the left leg. Which is it with you?

Many and various are the little fads that men have in the matter of putting on and taking off their clothes. Very often it is a matter of carefulness or laziness.

The careful man empties all the pockets of his suit at night, whether he is going to wear it on the next day or not. Then he folds it all up carefully, and presses the trousers, or at least lays them under the rest of his clothes. This gives the cloth a chance to resume its natural shape.

Personally, if I intend to wear the suit again, I adopt half measures, and only empty the pockets of the trousers, so that I can put those garments under the mattress. The coat and waistcoat I hang carefully across the back of a chair, first pulling out and stretching the sleeves.

Then, again, the lazy man pulls off his shirt and vest together, and leaves one inside the other all night. This is obviously an unhealthy habit, for the underclothes have thus no chance to get properly aired, and the saving of time and trouble in being able to put on the two at once is infinitesimal, especially as one usually gets tied into knots in the process. The ideal, of course, would be to have a clean shirt every day, but few of us can afford the ideal, in clothes or anything else.

**CARE THAT SAVES TIME.**

The careful man, and, indeed, everyone who is wise, will take the studs out of his shirt if he intends to wear it again, and will put them on his dressing-table, where they are to be found next morning. Otherwise they may drop out of the enlarged buttonholes, and the result will be a stud-hunt in the morning that will result in an unshaven chin. It is always the morning shave that goes by the board when one is pressed for time, and it is not everyone who has time for a visit to the barber later to remedy the defect.

When you dress in the morning is it the upper or the lower part of your body that you clothe first? If your ablutions have taken the form of a bath on rising it does not make much difference. But if they remain before you it is obviously desirable to dress just as far as your waist. Then, after a sponge down, you will probably put on a vest, which is the ideal garment for the process of shaving, your arms being left free and the possibility of the soap getting on the neckband of your shirt being avoided.

**BRACES.**

Braces will probably be dispensed with until a later stage by buttoning the trousers across to the top brace-button, or turning the top over. The braces, however, need not necessarily have been removed from the trousers overnight, for they do not interfere with the pressing of them as would articles left in the pockets. But if a different pair of trousers is being put on the braces will probably require to be adjusted slightly, as no two pairs of nether garments are exactly alike.

If you have first had a morning tub, as probably most of my readers will have done, it is the upper part of your body that you will need to clothe warmly first, especially if the bath has been a cold one.

Many men get thoroughly chilled every morning by a cold bath, which is, nevertheless, excellent for those that can stand it, and they come to dislike it, while others funk it altogether, and yet they do not adopt the simple expedient of taking the chill off with a drop of warm water, of which the small amount necessary is usually available.

The cold tub is a fine thing in the morning, but it should not be made a hardship, and still less should the bath be omitted altogether.

**SHAVING IN COMFORT.**

If you do not experience a reaction after it that makes you warm again, it is advisable to wear a dressing gown while you shave, for that may save a chill.

The process of hair brushing is best performed when everything else has been put on except the collar and tie, and coat and waistcoat, which will naturally come last.

If you are in the habit of anointing your hair, to do so at an early stage of the dressing will probably save you the trouble of washing your hands a second time.

One cannot help regarding dressing as an unpleasant process that has to be got through every morning, and however much pride we may take in the result the process can never have any pleasure for us.

The more time and trouble, therefore, that we can save by reducing the thing to a system, the more we shall get for other things and the better it will be for our tempers.

R. D. Wallace.

# A FEW REFLECTIONS.

An ounce of contentment is worth a ton of gold, but most people who have the contentment would gladly exchange it for the gold.

* * *

It's a lucky baby that looks like a rich relative.

* * *

Money is the root of a good many necessary evils.

* * *

The average man would rather foot the collector than the bill.

* * *

The slowness of a fast man shows up when it comes to paying his debts.

* * *

Jealousy is the key that opens wedlocks.

* * *

A woman's husband is never so dear to her as her husband's wife.

* * *

You can run into debt without buying a motor-car.

* * *

While poets are taking in the beauties of Nature their wives usually have to take in washing.

* * *

Somehow or other the bargain-hunter never gets rich so quickly as the bargain seller.

* * *

Some men would rather sleep an hour later than wake up and find themselves famous.

* * *

Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but beware of his prescriptions.

# POOL.

## A FEW VARIETIES OF A SPLENDID WINTER GAME.

A game of pool is prime fun on a winter's afternoon or evening, provided that you do not play it with bottle-nosed strangers in public billiard-rooms, and that there are no "tizzy-snatchers" among the pals or acquaintances with whom you play.

In case you don't understand the term "tizzy-snatcher," he is a low person whose one object is to win your money. Of course, if you play any game for stakes, you like to win, but the tizzy-snatcher plays solely for money, tries whenever he can to get into a game with novices, and is up to all sorts of mean little dodges and tricks for winning.

Pool, as the name implies, is played by a number of players, the eventual winner "scooping" the pool formed from players' subscriptions, and there are many kinds of pool. Formerly "following pool" was the popular game, but it has been ousted from favour by snooker pool.

Still, "following pool" is a real good game, if a trifle slow. Practically any number can play, and the pool balls having been dealt round, the white is "spotted," and then red plays on white, yellow on red, and so on. The players maintain this order, but if they take their allotted object ball, then they play on the nearest ball.

Each player has three lives, and you lose a life when you are potted by your player, run in off, pot the wrong ball, or miss the ball. You win a life when you pot the proper ball, your player runs in off, or misses you.

"Following pool," like all pool games, teaches accurate winning hazard striking, and particularly safety play, as you must try to leave your ball "safe," so that your player has a hard shot.

Too much safety play has perhaps spoiled "following pool." Snooker is far more open, and there is enough sheer luck in it to give a novice a chance.

Snooker is played with the pyramid balls and six coloured balls. The pyramid balls are spotted as usual, and count one point each; the values and positions of the other coloured balls are as follows: Black (the spot), 7; pink (pyramid spot), 6; blue (centre spot), 5; brown (middle baulk spot), 4; green (right-hand baulk spot), 3; yellow (left-hand baulk spot), 2.

Before a player can play on a coloured ball he must pot a pyramid ball. Having done so, he may play on any coloured ball he likes, naturally going for the more valuable ones whenever he can, and if he takes a coloured ball, then he must pot another pyramid ball before playing on another colour.

If a player, having taken a pyramid ball, is in such a position that he cannot hit a coloured ball, he is said to be snookered, and if he cannot hit, misses, or runs in off a coloured ball at any time, he has to pay its value all round.

When there are many players, snookering is usually a matter of luck, but snooker is a fine game for two, and two skilful players will snooker each other time after time, deliberately leaving the white ball behind a colour, so that the adversary cannot hit a red ball, or after the red balls are gone and the colours have to be taken in sequence, leaving the white so that the player cannot hit the ball on which he has to play.

A very amusing game is "plate pool." A small plate or saucer is placed over the middle spot. The billiard balls only are used and the scoring is the same as at billiards, game being 31 points. But if a player attempts a shot, and any one of the three balls touches the plate, then he forfeits any points he has already made and has to start again, while he has also to pay an agreed amount to the pool.

Cork pool, black pool, Russian pool, and skittle pool, these are all good games, but I haven't space to describe them.

The great secret in potting is to keep your eye on the object ball, and "doubles" are particularly useful shots to practise.

E. Rushton Scares.

# Our Readers' Page

## A HOME-MADE VAPOUR BATH.

It happened a short time ago that I was ordered a daily vapour bath. Funds were at a low ebb just then (illness does make inroads into a fellow's little savings) and it was quite out of the question to buy one.

I looked at the advertised articles, read of their various excellences, and wondered how my doctor's prescription was going to be carried out.

"Buy on the instalment system," suggested a friend. No, that did not appeal to me. I should be paying for that bath long after I had need to use it.

I thought and thought. Why not make one? This was an inspiration. But it took much pondering over.

At last I hit on an idea. I purchased some linoleum—enough to make a four-sided screen—and placed a cane-bottomed chair inside, with a small wooden pail—as high a one as the chair would admit—under it. Then I bought a cork mat for my feet to rest on. And with this paraphernalia the doctor's orders could be comfortably followed out with good results. I used to fill the wooden pail with boiling water, take my seat in the chair, setting the roll of linoleum on end around me, and put a thick bath towel round my shoulders and over the top of it.

And my home-made bath did just as well as if I'd bought some patent and fancifully-named apparatus.

## A CHAP TO BE AVOIDED.

There's a man lives in the same digs as I do. I wish he didn't. He is the biggest bore that ever lived, to my thinking.

He goes in for competitions, from missing words down to the latest advertising quack's, and his whole talk is of these nuisances.

"Have you got an idea for this?" is his morning greeting. Thank heaven, I'm not in at noon! "Have you by any chance a coupon for this?" is his evening salutation.

Sometimes it is labels off a tin he wants, and sometimes it is bits of paper from inside packets.

Sometimes he knocks at my door to ask for a dictionary; at others he stops me on the stairs and begs for a word to rhyme with something or other.

He is very harmless, I know, but he is none the less a bore and a chap to be avoided.

He takes up one's time, and if by any chance he can buttonhole you effectually, he does his best to get you to promise to help him in the next big competition he goes in for.

I was weak enough to do so once—dazzled, he thought, by the grand prizes offered, in which he generously declared I should go shares.

I think the first prize was a motor-car, a useful kind of article for a chap whose worldly goods went into a small two pair back, and whose weekly screw was counted in shillings.

It was the rottenest competition that ever anybody was imbecile enough to fool over. And, of course, he hadn't a ghost of a chance.

## SQUARING YOUR HORSE.

The horse is a noble animal, no doubt, but he is very susceptible to appeals to his inside.

It is just as well to be on good terms with your horse, whether he is your own or whether you are a stranger to him, as theTerritorial only too often is to his mount.

As the mounted Territorial knows, when a drill in the riding-school is ended, a strange order is usually given, which, when you know more about it, you discover to be "Make much of your horses." Anyhow, each horse gets three pats on the neck from his rider, in regular time—"one—one, two."

The annoying part of the performance is that you have got to go through it whether he has previously put you on the floor from malice aforethought or not.

The chances are, however, that you may not meet that particular horse again, or, at any rate, that he will not remember you again.

It is much more satisfactory to square your horse unofficially before the drill begins, or before you set out on your ride, wherever it may be.

A lump or two of sugar, a biscuit, or a bit of carrot or apple will be most welcome to your equine friend, and, perhaps, in gratitude, or, more likely, I am afraid, in hope of favours to come, he will do his best to meet your wishes.

Give him something else when his work is over, if you like, but square your gee before you start with some tasty morsel and a pat on the nose. You will get much more out of him.

## THE FASCINATION OF THE MAT.

I have never been able to understand what it is, this fascination of the mat. No matter when or where you see a bout of wrestling, you will always find a large proportion of the onlookers passing the opinion that it is a rotten fool's game.

They can't see anything in it but hard mauling work, and if they ask a wrestler what he can see in it, he probably could not explain, beyond the fact that he had taken it up to please a chum, and that now he no sooner sees two men in costume on the mat than he is itching to peel off his own togs and get a good grip on someone, no matter who he is, or how good or big he is.

I always feel like that myself, and even if I go to a club with the firm intention of only looking on, if there are any spare togs about, the feeling is sure to get the best of me, if there is any chance of a roll.

I used to do a bit of wrestling with a chum in a room about 8ft. by 10ft., with only a canvas cover on the bare boards to keep the dirt off.

I took a friend up one evening who was a first-class amateur wrestler, used to wrestling in a finely-equipped gymnasium, and when he saw the room and mat he laughed and ridiculed the idea of wrestling there.

But no sooner had my chum and I got stripped and started wrestling than he began to get skinned, and thoroughly enjoyed himself. The fascination of the mat—can anyone explain it?

## SOME QUEER BAROMETERS.

Good barometers are rather expensive things, even in these days of cheap goods, and in various country places people manufacture them for themselves of all sorts of queer things.

In parts of Ireland a certain kind of seaweed—Laminaria is, I believe, its botanical name, but it has others—which is distinguished by a woody stem and a fringe of long brown leaves, is hung up in the house, and is considered a never-failing weather prophet.

When it is dry it foretells fine weather, and when damp it is a sure prognosticator of rain—as Fred Earle sings, "And as soon as I touched my seaweed, I knew it was going to be wet."

In many rural parts a dried kingfisher is used for the same purpose.

An even homelier makeshift barometer is a block of common table salt.

Some people carry about with them their own barometer in the shape of corns! And others profess to be able to foretell the weather by certain signs—such as the sudden appearance of spiders and a fall of soot!

## EVERYDAY TIPS.

There is nothing much more nerve-disturbing than creaking boots or shoes, but they can be cured by letting them soak in saucers of oil. Any oil will do, but for my part I think castor oil is hard to beat, and the smell soon goes off.

Another method is to fix some small rivets about an inch and a half apart in the middle of the sole.

The amateur mechanic whose tools are sometimes freakishly inclined may be grateful for a fellow-sufferer's tip.

If by chance you pinch your finger or thumb in a vice, or your hand makes too intimate acquaintance with a hammer or pincers, you will find that a prompt application of sweet oil will ease the pain and prevent the place from turning black.

For a bruise, a cloth wrung out of water as hot as can be borne is a remedy worth resorting to.

For the amateur boxer who gets a black eye there is nothing to beat the good old-fashioned cure—a piece of raw beef steak. Failing this a knife with a good broad blade may be gently applied to it.

## ROAD SKATING.

The man who has never tried this mode of locomotion has missed an exhilarating exercise and a downright pleasant experience.

The skates for road skating are on the same principle as roller-skates, but they usually have additional supports up the legs to take off the weight and strain.

It is quite possible to learn on the ordinary rollers.

You can set your own pace when you gain proficiency, and, of course, the expert roller-skater has nothing to learn.

I remember in my own early days of this exercise starting off at a good rate before I had learnt how to stop myself. The only way I could perform that most necessary act was to run into a bank and overturn myself and my skates. So you see it needs practice.

Take my word for it, it beats cycling or motoring, and you have all the pleasurable exhilaration of the aviator without his cares and dangers.

## TO PROCURE SOUND SLEEP.

It is essential that every man, whether hard-working or not, should have a proper night's rest.

There is no golden rule as to the duration of such a night's rest, but eight to nine hours is not too large an allowance.

Of course, there are many men whose working hours do not permit of their taking a very long night's repose, therefore it is necessary that the sleep which they do have should be sound and healthy.

A man's bedroom should always be decidedly fresh, the windows being kept partly open, but on no account should there be any draughts, as these are anything but healthy.

A good remedy for the man who suffers from insomnia is to sip a glass of hot water before getting into bed.

It is essential that every man should indulge in regular sleep—not four hours one night and twelve the following one to make up the average.

## WHY NOT SEND US A PARAGRAPH?

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# Kernahan's Resignation

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

In the Yeomanry Room of the Territorial Club at Brentworth, Sergeant-Major Brighton drew a wicker arm-chair up to the fireside, pulling a sheaf of papers from his pocket, began to peruse them. His face, kindly enough in its expression when His Majesty's Government did not demand otherwise, was now gloomy indeed.

The club steward, who did not wax very fat on the perquisites of his office, leaned over the little bar sympathetically and addressed the Sergeant-Major.

"I didn't hear you call for your usual, sir," observed the steward. "P'raps you'd like it hot with a bit o' lemon and sugar, seein' how cold it must be in the drill-hall. Draughty place *I* call it on these nights. Now, I ain't one to be interfering with another man's job, sir, but I *must* say that if I was the young gentlemen, I'm 'anged if I'd be kidded to stamp about in that bloomin' hall, and likely as not catch a dose of influ-out-o'-the-kitchen-winder."

"Oh, you're an old woman, James. . . . Yes, you may put very much sugar. Thanks."

The Sergeant-Major, setting the glass down beside him, returned to his papers.

It was not until ten minutes later that the steward again ventured to break the silence.

"You 'aven't touched your drink, sir," he observed, "an' I'm sure it must be gettin' cold—if you'll permit me to say so, that is, sir."

"Hang it! Neither have I. Well, here's luck, James, and better fortune to 'B' Squadron of the King's Own!"

Sergeant-Major Brighton drank the lukewarm concoction at a gulp, and rising kicked the fire into a blaze. Then he collapsed again into the wicker chair.

"Damn!" he remarked feelingly.

"Can *I* be of any assistance to you, sir," asked the steward politely.

"No! I've a pretty extensive vocabulary myself, thank you, James. Cavalry back-talk is what must be termed pretty comprehensive, but I've exhausted it. 'Damn,' being brief and to the point, is, after all, the most expressive of our swear words, while its advantage over——"

"You ought to ha' been a professor, sir," said James, admiringly. "But might I ask, sir, what appears to 'ave disturbed your equi—equi——"

"Equilibrium? That's got it, eh? Well, there's something about you I like no end, James. It may be your sandy hair, it may be your generous habit that gives overdoses of the club's whisky to confirmed customers even when the Budget is imposing extra ha'pence from the country's potential defenders. Anyhow, James, to put it briefly, I have in this hand the resignations and in this the re-engagements. Now, what's your opinion?"

"Well, it looks a bit of odds on the resignations, sir," said James sympathetically. "But ain't that got to do with this Liberal Government an' Free Trade? I hain't read it anywhere, but per'aps Tariff Reform——"

"Would mean more Territorials, eh, James?" The Sergeant-Major chuckled. "But this is far from a joke. There's so many of the Old Brigade chucking it up, and the excuses are lovely. There's Corporal Harry Pike—regular old stick, of course, but a good, sound man in his way. *He* says he's got to keep to his farm. Here's another of 'em, the only support of his mother, and she's a widow. Well, sir, what are mothers for except to provide the country with good Territorials? Here's a third—been six years in the regiment, has got no initiative whatever, and wonders why he isn't a sergeant!"

"Is that Trooper Stephen, sir?" asked the steward.

"Trooper Stephen!"

The Sergeant-Major sprung out of his chair.

"Good gad!" he said, "the thought's too horrible. Thank heavens none of the 'Boys' have bunged in their resignation, otherwise you'd better be merciful enough to substitute strychnine for sugar in my next hot whisky. I say, James, where *did* you get such a horrible imagination from?"

"I don't know sir. But Mr. Kernahan and Mr. Carteret and Mr. Stephen seemed a bit above 'emselves to-night and, well, sir, they kept sayin' they wondered how you'd take it——"

"Take *what*? Speak up, man!"

"Ah, *that* it wasn't my place to ask 'em, sir, bein' a man as has had this job nine years and knows his place——"

"Then where the devil *are* they—Carteret, Stephen, and Kernahan?"

"In the billiard-room, sir, and Mr. Carteret is 'opelessly beating the other two gentlemen at snooker pool. Oh, 'e's an artist with a cue is Mr. Carteret. Why, I remember one evenin' when the black laid 'ard on the top cushion and——"

"You just tell 'em I want 'em at once. The whole three, mind—and if there's any argument I'll pay the table. Now, buck up, James. I'll attend to the bar and I'll take no more whisky than I can pay for."

The Sergeant-Major folded the papers up and banged them on the table.

"Great Scott!" he mumbled to himself. "Great Scott!"

He paced up and down the room watching the clock's hand take an age to register five minutes.

Then James reappeared.

"Mr. Kernahan," he said, "fairly surprised the whole room, and himself included, with the neatest double you ever saw, pottin' the black and finishin' the game, and—— Oh, yes, sir, they're now coming, sir. Sorry, sir, I'm sure. I told 'em all, and 'ere they are!"

Carteret, Stephen, and Kernahan entered the room.

"You sent for us, 'Major," observed Carteret.

"I did. I did." The Sergeant-Major feared to take the plunge. "I'm worried on a little point. Er—have you heard of any chaps besides this sheaf here thinking of resigning?"

The Sergeant-Major watched the faces of the three anxiously. At the moment he felt something like a prisoner must feel who is waiting for the foreman of the jury to say "Guilty" or "Not Guilty."

"Sit down, 'Major," said Trooper Stephen, temporising.

The Sergeant-Major obeyed mechanically.

"Stephen," he said, "I want you to think a minute. Now, supposing that just one of my own Tenth Legion were to resign—refuse to sign on for yet another year—er—just think of the Squadron and, well, *me*. I don't believe I've used you chaps so hardly. We've all been pals, when we weren't actually on full-dress parade. We've had some rough times, and——"

"Some good ones," said Trooper Kernahan feelingly, as he gazed apparently into nothingness, conscious that there was an uncomfortable mist over his eyes.

"Yes, some good ones," the grey-haired Sergeant-Major went on.

"Well—perhaps you don't know what I'm driving at—I hope you don't—but let's go on supposing that only one of the Tenth Legion—my dear old boys, my best friends, if I may say so—were to give up what our critics term this playing at soldiers. Where should *I* be, I ask you? Ah, p'raps you think a Sergeant-Major has no sort of right to any heart. They ought to be machines to turn out good Territorials. They've no right, perhaps, to think of a trooper as any more than a pawn in the little imitation game of war we play sometimes.

"Of course, I am virtually at your service. When you chaps—er, make a friend of your Sergeant-Major—he's very proud of your friendship, of course—well, you must expect his interest in you to go just a little deeper than your mere uniform. That's why, in *case* you thought of—oh, but I imply nothing, mind you—well, that's why," the Sergeant-Major concluded confusedly, "I'm asking you just to *think*, you know. Just *think*."

Trooper Kernahan, who had taken a seat during the conversation, sat and looked into the fire.

Carteret smoked a cigarette and said nothing.

Trooper Stephen bit his lip. There was silence for a space.

Trooper Kernahan broke it.

"You're right, 'Major," he said, "it *will* be hard."

The Sergeant-Major looked up sorrowfully. "Then, I *have* grounds for my remarks? I feared so. I feared so."

He paused and sighed rather deeply. "Perhaps I'm an old fool, Kernahan," he said, "but I shouldn't like to see the Tenth Legion split up. We've—" he leaned over and placed his hand on Kernahan's shoulder—"we've seen things through, boy, eh?" he said—and he spoke in a voice such as no man had heard from the Sergeant-Major. There was a weakness in his tone.

"We've—seen—things—through," Kernahan echoed heavily.

"It affects you," said the Sergeant-Major, "precisely the same as *me*—then why in the name of goodness don't you persuade Bobby Stephen to give up the foolish idea of resigning?"

"Bobby Stephen, 'Major!" exclaimed Carteret incredulously.

"Why should *I* resign?" Trooper Stephen put in.

"But James said you wondered how I should take it," the Sergeant-Major began. "I thought he meant Stephen."

"Then the blithering idiot has got hold of the wrong end of the stick, as usual," said Trooper Kernahan. "*I'm* resigning!"

He ended the sentence miserably.

"Yes, *I'm* resigning," he repeated.

"Good—gad!" said the Sergeant-Major, very slowly and with extreme emphasis, "Good—gad."

The Sergeant-Major did not move. The only sound was of the clock ticking. James behind the bar counter had sunk into an awed silence.

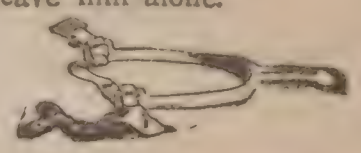
"Why?" asked the Sergeant-Major very softly.

"Oh, of course, you know that I work for my living, don't you? Well, things have been going on very favourably at the office. I've had a rise and all that sort of thing. Now the governor's got the agency of one of the Earl of Granton's estates at Granton. He's going to put me on the estate—sort of manager—and his son—you know the slacker—is going to take my place at the office. It's the old story after all. Trooper Kernahan begs to tender his resignation to the Colonel and Officers of the King's Own, etcetera, 'for business reasons!'"

"Business reasons!" echoed the Sergeant-Major. "My godfathers, they'll have something to account for!"

"Here, buck up, old chap," said Trooper Stephen, kindly. "Best of friends must part, you know. Think of *us*!"

"Besides," Trooper Kernahan put in, with an attempt at a laugh, "either myself or my employer's son would have had to go to Granton, so one of us would have had to leave the Squadron in any case. Now, Wakefield may be a bit of a slacker, but he's all right if you leave him alone.



Pity he's not like his father, who's as straight as a die. Quite straight, Sergeant-Major."

"Then young Wakefield must get his ways from his mother, or someone on her side, because, Kernahan, I think that Trooper Wakefield, who has now joined us about six months, is about the worst bargain His Majesty ever made through my instrumentality. Therefore, please don't trouble to say that it would have meant one of you goin'. I might be tempted to give at least one reason why your employer's son had better try a change of air at Granton."

"Why?" asked the three at once.

"Well, we've several new recruits—weeds—something like you used to be, Mr. Carteret. Well, the hulking great Wakefield doesn't treat them very kindly, in my opinion. That class of amusement—they call it 'bullying' at schools, I believe—suits a certain type of chap. Anyhow, Mr. Wakefield is—well—unsavoury."

"Now—hanged if I didn't think so," said Kernahan.

"And you haven't acted on that thought," said the Sergeant-Major, "Well, Kernahan, perhaps it *is* time that—that—now, doesn't it seem funny, it's so *hard* to say it?"

"Time that the Squadron loses me, eh?" Kernahan said slowly. "But what I have said is unofficial, mind you. I'm not putting my pen to my death warrant to-night, at any rate. Now, Sergeant-Major, what's yours?"

"A hot whisky," said the Sergeant-Major, "and James!"

"Yes, sir,"

"You can put in the strychnine instead of the sugar."

* * * * * * *

It was on the next drill night that, dismounted drill over, Trooper Kernahan selected his favourite chair in the Yeomanry room and put on his beloved briar. The drill had been sparsely attended, and it was only Troopers Stephen and Carteret of the Tenth Legion who had loyally turned up to support Kernahan, who was anxious that the recruits should be got as nicely into trim as possible ere the spring.

The three comrades gathered around and toasted their toes.

"You quite understand, don't you, you chaps?" said Kernahan.

"As soon as little Alston comes in, we barge off on the pretext of a game of billiards. When you send Alston into the billiard-room, then we're to hold ourselves in readiness for the—for the other gentleman."

"Quite right, Stephen. Er—" the door opened—"No, I'm sick of snooker, and that's straight. Carteret, I'll bet you can't give Stephen thirty in a hundred and whack him!"

"Done, for a bob."

"Right. You're the witness to the bet, young Alston. Sit down, and make yourself at home, boy."

Carteret and Stephen walked out, closing the door behind them.

"James," said Kernahan to the steward, "there'll be nothing doing here to-night, so you'd better close down the bar, and go and mark for them in the billiard room. I'm a committee man, so I'll take the responsibility."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

The steward, keenest of billiard enthusiasts, departed.

Kernahan, offering the somewhat diminutive Alston a cigarette, grabbed the evening paper and settled down apparently to read.

Now, the traditions of the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry have laid down immutably, that it is expected of every Trooper therein to look at least 50 per cent. smarter than a Trooper of the Regular Line.

It could not be said that the pale-faced Trooper Alston came anywhere near to this standard. Not possessed of the best of physical development, the fact that his uniform looked for all the world as though he had stood in the middle of a room and had it thrown at him did not enhance his appearance. In addition, his buttons lacked polish and the shoulder chains were dull.

He watched Kernahan covertly.

"I thought," he said at length and rather timidly, "that you had something to say to me after drill, Kernahan."

"Ah! that's right, so I have. Hang it, I'd forgotten."

Kernahan put down the paper and regarded the recruit.

"I just wanted to tell you where you can get some really good metal polish for those buttons and crests and chains. As for the equipment, I should give that a good wash first. Then try brown polish—I suppose you clean your boots sometimes? After that I should have a good go at the clothes with a stiff clothes-brush. The general result, after brushing your hair smartly back, should be pleasing. That's all, young man."

Trooper Alston regarded his puttees rather miserably for a space.

"Oh. Thanks," he said. "I know I'm not smart enough for you chaps—er—I'll go, Kernahan."

He rose, and turned his face away.

"One moment," said Trooper Kernahan. "How long have you been in the Squadron?"

"Two months, Kernahan. I joined as soon as I got to the age—seventeen. I enlisted on my birthday, and I wish—you won't be angry, Kernahan?"

"Angry? No, of course not."

"Well, I wish I'd never joined and never seen any of you, and never been in this beastly drill-hall, that I *do!* They said it would be good fun, but—well, good-night. If I could scrape together the fiver I'd resign now."

"Alston!"

"Yes, Kernahan."

"Come back, boy, and sit in that chair!"

Mechanically the recruit obeyed, and there was fear in his eyes such as it is not good to see in Youth.

"Now," said Kernahan, "tell me who's been making you such a little fool. Tell me what cad has been treating you badly!"

"Oh, no one at all, Kernahan," said Alston, weakly.

"Quite right. He *is* 'no one at all.' But what's his name?"

"Whose name?"

"The chap who has been telling you that you're no good for the King's Own, that you'll never make a man, that you're not smart enough to be one of us? Now, then who is it?"

"Why, how do you know all this, Kernahan?"

"Oh, it's easy if a man's got eyes in his head to see that. Why, a two months' recruit ought to shine like a looking-glass in the sun. He ought to swagger about as if he held a commission, and make himself generally unbearable to his elders. Otherwise there's something radically wrong. It isn't nature for a man to join one of the crack Yeomanry regiments and look sorry for it!"

Trooper Alston shifted in his seat uneasily. "I shouldn't be sorry if——" he began.

"If Trooper Wakefield and his set weren't knocking you silly, eh?"

The shot went home. Kernahan mentally registered a bull's-eye.

"Well, you can go now if you like, Trooper Alston, and if you call in at my digs on the way and ask 'em to look in my cupboard, you'll find a set of brushes and a general polishing outfit. Now, promise me you'll spend the rest of the evening just scrubbing at those buttons, crests, and chains until you can take the shine out of the other chaps. Then—give me your hand, kid—leave the rest to me."

"Oh, thanks awfully—but you won't say I told you anything?"

"I'm not in the habit of lying. You didn't. And, by the way, just look in at the billiard room and tell Stephen and Carteret to buck up. Good-night, Alston, and take the sun for a pattern—shine!"

Above the mantelpiece the clock marked the hour of nine.

Almost immediately the door opened again and Trooper Wakefield entered.

"Good evening, Kernahan," he said, "I got your note and here I am. But what the deuce you can want *me* for beats me."

Trooper Kernahan eyed the somewhat massive form of his employer's son.

"Well, it's like this—take a seat, won't you—you see, I'm resigning from the Squadron."

"So I understood. You're going to Granton—just where my old fool of a father wanted to send me, instead of taking me into his fusty office. I hate books, and measuring land, and all that sort of thing. Well, you're resigning. I don't see what that's to do with me. It seems that the Colonel will regain his command after all, doesn't it?" he concluded sarcastically. "And the Squadron may obey Captain Devine, now it lacks Captain Kernahan."

"You put it nicely, Wakefield. I like your general style. Well, to come to the 'osses, as they say in these parts. I've got just a few little duties to perform before I resign. The chief of them, I may say, is to ask one man to resign before, or at the same time as I do."

"I don't see what this has to do with me, Kernahan."

"You don't? Well, will you kindly send in your resignation form at once, Wakefield? Now, do you see?" said Kernahan, sweetly.

"What, in the name of God, for?"

"Don't blaspheme. Now, listen. My other alternative is to kick a cad down the stairs now, and out of the Regiment afterwards. You may know that I have power to do both things!"

Wakefield sprang to his feet. Kernahan faced him quietly, and then, crossing to the door, gave a whistle.

"If you have got the pluck to fight," he said, "two of my friends have kindly consented to act as our seconds. Here they are. All that is now required is a couple of sponges and towels, which I demand I dare say James is equal to."

"Fight! Good gad! I'll fight you for your damned impertinence, and when my father hears of this——"

"He'll chuck you out, if I tell him and mention the name of poor little Alston!"

"Alston! Good gad—*you* know?"

"Yes, you—you cad and bully. Isn't it plain enough when a usually healthy young man goes about as if his soul weren't his own. I thought we were free of it, by gad! We *shall* be free to-morrow, because you'll resign—you know that. You don't want the whole Regiment to know, do you? Bullies have a damned bad time in the Blankshires when they're found out. Why, I wouldn't give twopence for your skin if the chaps heard of it."

Joyously Stephen stood, his soul thirsting for the conflict, and sponge and a towel in his hand.

Kernahan looked his opponent straight between the eyes—and Wakefield's eyes were full of the fear which comes to a man who is beaten before he starts to fight.

"Stephen," said Kernahan, "you can put those things back. This gentleman *dare* not fight. You see, he does not answer that challenge. Well, I give him ten seconds to get out of the room before I kick him out!"

It happened that ten seconds was over. Mr. Wakefield accomplished the distance from the fireplace to the door inside two seconds.

Kernahan turned to his friends. "You will find that, as I have such an influence for good over the gentleman who has just left us, he will see clearly to-morrow that it will be as well for him to reconsider his father's offer of the job on the Granton Estate——"

"Which means?" asked Trooper Stephen, his eyes twinkling.

"Oh! it's too obvious," said Carteret. "Here, James—call the Sergeant-Major, will you?"

The Sergeant-Major entered with the air of one greatly depressed.

"Oh, buck up and try another hot whisky," said Trooper Carteret, "and you fellows give your orders, including *you*, James."

"But James has no strychnine," said the Sergeant-Major, sadly.

"But I'm not resigning after all," said Trooper Kernahan, delivering his Sergeant-Major a friendly sounding thump on the back.

"Then make it two lumps of sugar, James," said the Sergeant-Major, very thankfully.

# My Friend Bill

## AN APPRECIATION OF A MAN.

His name is Bill. There is something tacked on to the end of it, but I don't remember what it is—in fact I am uncertain whether I have ever heard it.

It is his custom to spend part of most evenings at an old-fashioned country inn where I sometimes stop for a refresher during my evening walk.

We were never properly introduced, and I doubt very much whether Bill has ever been formally introduced to anybody. We came to know one another gradually, just by seeing each other at this particular inn.

One evening I had my dog with me and Bill made much of him. The next evening Bill was standing drinks to two or three friends who were in the sanded bar parlour, and he asked whether I would have one too.

"Will you have one?" was all he said, but in the way in which he said it, there was the kindest compliment that could possibly be paid. His tone was not deferential—he was far too manly a man for that—but it indicated that he would regard it as a privilege if I would allow him to stand me a drink. I need scarcely say that I took one with him.

On the following evening he drank with me, and from then onwards Bill and I stood one another drinks when we met.

I believe that he likes me, and I know very well that I admire him.

I am a bank clerk, with a good deal more of this world's goods than Bill is ever likely to possess, but, on the other hand, he has a physique which I can only dream of.

### MAN AND MAN.

I suppose, however, that there is some common bond of sympathy that annihilates what might be called the social difference between us; I don't mind saying that I like him very much better than many who are earning the same wages as myself.

When you have said that Bill is a man from top to toe, you have said pretty well everything about him, and possibly it is the elements of the man in me that find pleasure in his sympathetic company.

As we got to know one another better we got talking about ourselves, and I found that Bill was a thorough gentleman.

I tried to hide the fact that I went up to town each day, because the cost of my season ticket was probably as much as Bill's annual wages, but this and all other points where my own affluence was concerned were most kindly ignored by him. I wanted to hide the fact that we were socially different, because we had so much in common humanly, and Bill made my task easy.

### OUR FORTUNES.

Occasionally a question of his would compel me to confess some little point that indicated what must have seemed to him a lavish expenditure, but Bill never let me feel snobbish.

The fact is that we both accepted our social difference, and promptly forgot it. I am a bank clerk, he is a groom. We are both men—he certainly, and I as much as I know how—and, though we are thrown together only occasionally, I venture to think that he would do anything on this earth for me. I am very certain that I would do anything for him.

I do not know what Bill's wages amount to in exact figures, but I imagine that the total is not very much.

Bill's face is always clean, shining with soap sometimes, and his hands are clean, too, when I see him in this particular inn, which is the only place where we ever meet, but you cannot judge a man's wages from the cleanliness of his face and his hands, for that only shows that he attends to his person. It is easier to judge what he earns by his boots, and Bill's are always of the roughest—sound and stout, but obviously cheap.

I have thought sometimes of the difference in our clothes. For my own part, when I go out for a walk in the evening, I like to dress in a style suitable to the occasion and to the rough country roads which I have to traverse. Generally I wear a pair of riding breeches and leggings or puttees; my jacket and waistcoat are good ones, and my neck is adorned either with a hunting stock or with a flannel collar fastened with a gold safety-pin. I get myself up, in fact, not like a townsman transported to the country, but rather like a country gentleman, and I do it not for swank but because I can afford nice country clothes and because I find pleasure in wearing them.

### WHEN WE SHOOK HANDS.

And yet I have never felt ashamed of my clothes when I have been in Bill's company, nor have his ever struck me as being shabby.

I suppose that we have each found some point of merit in the other. I can hardly tell you what his merits are, though I am very conscious of them, but it beats me to discover what he can see attractive in me.

I remember shaking hands with Bill once. It was the only time, and I do not know that I am very likely to repeat it, for there is no sort of gush about Bill; a nod is his usual recognition, and hardly a smile—it is his heart that smiles and not his lips.

When I shook hands with him it was when he told me that he was going to marry a girl in his village. I forget how he described the girl, but I could see that she was just the right sort for Bill, and I offered my hand in congratulation.

He took it and shook it as such a man would. His hand is much bigger than mine, and it seemed to cover all of mine and to grip it all—not that he gripped hard, for Bill is a gentleman, and knows his strength and how much he could have hurt me, but during that handshake I felt not only the strength of his biceps but the warmth of his heart.

### AN AFFINITY AND A TONIC.

There is some sort of tonic to me in meeting Bill. He has, it seems to me, all that I lack. He is, of course, poor, but he has a physique and the animal spirits which I would like to possess, but which I shall never attain, for my job in life is an inactive one.

I have often wondered what it is he finds pleasing in me. I am very certain that it is not my money, for Bill is not a cadger. I have often tried to mislead him in the matter of whose turn it is to stand a drink, for I know that I can better afford to pay than he can, but Bill never forgets his turn, and I know that if I insisted on standing him out of turn I should offend him and make him conscious of the difference in our stations of life.

Our friendship—and although we only meet occasionally, I believe that it amounts to that—must seem unaccountable to strangers, and yet I believe that we have not been brought together without purpose. I have learned much from him, and maybe he has learned something from me.

But I think that fate must have brought us together for something more important than this, and that one day it will be my privilege to render him some great service—certainly not in a money way, for money has never been considered in our meetings—but in something where it is a sacrifice that one man can make to another.

H. J. Field.

# THE RAMBLER'S EQUIPMENT.

## THE THINGS A MAN NEEDS FOR A CROSS-COUNTRY TRAMP.

There is fortunately little need for the open-air potterer to take much thought for his equipment. He can, for the most part, step from the house to the fields without any definite preparation beyond merely snatching up cap and stick, and setting out.

For the whole-day cross-country expedition, however, things must be arranged with a little more forethought if the outing is to be fully enjoyed.

It is, for example, exceedingly disappointing to put one's hand into the map pocket, and discover that after planning things on the previous evening, one forgot to replace it in its usual place.

Though the map may not be essential to the day's tramp, it is nevertheless a decided additional source of pleasure. While it is in the pocket, available at a moment's notice, it may not be looked at once during the whole day; but leave it behind—and how great a loss it seems!

Invariably I carry in all my walks and rides a pencil and either a thin notebook or else some loose blank paper. The idea is that I am frequently coming across interesting glimpses of country, and a rough map or a more elaborate sketch carried home is a source of great interest when referred to afterwards in recalling the tramp with the aid of the map which, after all, leaves rather a lot to the imagination and memory.

But I consider by far the most important part of my outdoor equipment to be the pair of field-glasses which go with me everywhere and are constantly in use. They add immeasurably to the enjoyment of a day in the open, affording a man so much wider a field of vision than his own eyes.

Field glasses are absolutely the ideal companions for the potterer. They induce pottering, and awaken interests that the unaided eye can only perceive dimly and enjoy partially.

They also help to kill that insatiable haste and impatience to get somewhere else—a desire which every potterer has to fight and overcome if he is not to be driven through the country as if he were being hunted.

In ordinary circumstances, without field glasses, every conspicuous object beckons one forward. This point and that must be reached, and so forth. Though there is a satisfaction in breaking new ground continually and in passing through a large spread of country, there is all the pleasure of this and more also to be gained through the field glasses.

They tend to annihilate time and distance. Sitting at ease on the sunny side of a hill, commanding a wide expanse of weald, with farms and villages scattered over the plain, a man with field glasses is kept in close touch with human life.

Further afield he can pick out the almost invisible strip that marks the course of the railway, and at long intervals during the morning he will enter into the excitement and bustle going on at the village station when the infrequent trains pick up the countrywomen with their hampers and parcels and the guard trundles empty "return" milk cans on to the platform with much jangling. But he hears nothing of the noise; he only stands, as it were, amidst the scene though surrounded with the calm of nature on this Autumn day.

If luck is his, he will follow the hounds throughout many miles of a stirring run, and his muscles will involuntarily brace themselves taut as in imagination he clears the fences and ditches with the field as they sweep along far below him in full cry.

He can bring man and his sports and his labour to his very feet, and share the excitement of it all. And this can be done at small cost and no trouble.

Field glasses in these days can be picked up cheaply—at secondhand if necessary, and no outdoor man should set off upon his rambles unprovided with a pair slung across his shoulders.

C. Easton Grey.

# Where Men Forgather

## XXXV. THE HUNTING FIELD.

A glorious morning, a good horse, a good scent, and something to warm the cockles of the heart, then what more can a man want of life than a taste of its best sport—fox hunting?

It is all one scintillating scene of colour and movement, all bustle and real life, and if you want to see just the essence of real good fellowship watch the men at the meet.

They are fine men, the best they breed in England. They are well horsed, well booted and spurred, and, like their horses, well groomed.

Good horsemen, bad horsemen, indifferent horsemen—what does it matter? The appetite for the sport is there with them all. You can see it in their laughing, manly faces, catch a glint of the love of it in their eyes, hear it ringing in their full-toned voices.

Where the hounds meet you may observe many types of the best sportsmen, in every sense of the term.

Good farmers in the old days were much in evidence, and they were often better horsemen than the "gentry" of the countryside. Nowadays, however, they have no place at the crack meets, where the subscription to the pack puts the wearing of the hunt button beyond the purse of all but the wealthiest. But out of the Leicestershire country, the old farmer is still a familiar figure, mounted on "t' old mare," and ("begad, sir!") he is no gate-opener either.

### THE BUTT OF THE MEET.

He is not averse from being the butt of the meet, and if they have a name for his "old mare," which she was never strictly baptised, then he can laugh with the rest of them.

You will see him chatting at the meet with young Arrogance, who has just come into many acres of land and takes care that everyone shall know it. The youth's mount has just been purchased at a fabulous figure from a big hunting establishment in the Midlands. He advertises this fact, too.

"Yes, Giles. He cost two hundred of the best, and can jump a house!"

He does not add, however, that horses that can jump houses require good riders to sit them—which, perhaps, accounts for the truly distressing fact that Farmer Giles gets over the biggest fences on the "old mare" and young Arrogance lands in the ditch with two hundred pounds worth of horseflesh taking an impromptu dip also. But it was ever thus!

### THE PARSON.

At the meet, too, is the hale, old country parson of the real, right, good sort, who can give a ringing "Yoicks" with the best of them when hounds are on the move—and tell his sporting congregation how to negotiate life's fences on Sunday! He is no parsimonious wight, and he wears a massive horseshoe pin stuck in his black cravat without shame.

Then there is the nervous son of one of the county families, trying to look as if he felt really comfortable on that spirited little thing he is bestriding, although he is only sacrificing himself to the whim of his stately mother, who tells him that "the Montmorencys *always* rode *straight* to hounds, my boy." So, all credit to him, he does it as well as he can for the honour of his family.

Gayest, most welcome, perhaps, of all—especially in the eyes of the ladies of the hunt—is the "blood stuff" young man, whose attire is ultra-fashionable and smart.

Well mounted, and a good figure of a man, he is a picture of the English sportsman as he should be. Moreover, for all his dandyism, he rides in a style that shows reckless pluck, straight to the line, and only the most finished horsemen can follow him over the ticklish places that he loves to essay. He is "there" when the company becomes select and "Away! Gone Away!" resounds over the field.

A low snatch of a whimper has come from a couple of the best hounds rummaging in the thicket.

"A fox for a hundred!" exclaims youthful Arrogance.

Immediately those afflicted with nerves look anxiously to their stirrups, and there is much calling for grooms to tighten girths. (Truth to tell, it is more than probable that some few who ride with the hounds would far rather stay at home and read about it in the sporting papers.)

### A HUNTING RUN.

"A fox for a thousand!" the young gentleman repeats, as the whole pack rushes to the spot.

Another second, and a great red fox bursts from the broom and, swiftly enough, is away.

Then the field breaks out into all sorts of noises and exclamations, and the "foot people" by the covert side give vent to the most unearthly yells, hardly outdone by the old Squire, who, being set fast by the gout, has to drive to the meet.

Now it is time be fairly moving. The horsemen grasp their reins, get well into the saddle, and, the master leading, off the company goes—and at such a pelt.

Everyone seems to be half demented. They have got sport's thrill tingling and jumping in their veins, and those who have real life in them, manly and full-blooded, feel now that it is indeed worth the living.

You see the red-coated huntsman urging on and encouraging the hounds, his lieutenant, the whipper-in, making himself generally officious, the master perspiring profusely, and the field gradually thinning out. It is the survival of the fittest when hounds are hot on the scent, and the gate-opening fraternity are soon left pounding along, well in the rear, praying for a check to bring them up with the field.

### THE KILL.

But no! This is a day for those who fear not fences, and ride straight to hounds.

A series of unearthly yells announces a "view." It is bang away! Now it is almost a race among that select brigade that leads the field.

The light of pure enthusiasm shines in their eyes. Lightly and gracefully they ride, with just that touch of style that marks the equestrian artist—but they ride hard.

Thus, over fences, ditches, bullfinches, and "blind" places, with the landscape flying past them, up hill and down dale, until, in the valley beyond, they see the pack streaming on the hard-pressed Reynard.

"Ah, Ranter has got him!"

Tom the huntsman has him held up, a lifeless corpse, with the pack baying round him. Somewhere in the group of field-riders around a pretty young girl smiles . . .

The master, who has yet an eye for red lips and laughing eyes, presents her with the brush. Thus our very sports and the trophies thereof are devoted to the all-conquering She.

T. W. Garden.

## THE WELCOME VISITOR.

### A FRIEND WE ALL APPRECIATE.

He was waiting for me when I got back to my "digs." the other evening. The day had been singularly cold and cheerless, and my work at the office of such a nature as to throw me into a violent fit of what is commonly termed "the blues."

Trudging home from the City, I speculated on the passing of summer as denoted by the falling leaf and the chill in the night air, thought of the bright days that were gone and the joys that had flown with them, and managed to become exceedingly miserable in a very short space of time.

But as soon as I had entered the small room which I rented in a dingy street off the main road, the depression on my spirits cleared away as though by magic. There was my merry old friend waiting for me, his genial presence brightening the room to such a fine degree that I mentally resolved that nothing short of an earthquake or an attack on London by the Germans would separate us that night.

It was several months since last I had set eyes on my old chum, and the renewal of our friendship was most affecting. My friend was absolutely speechless; all he could do was to crackle and splutter and roar, and this he did in no half-hearted fashion.

For my part I was so delighted that I simply stared in amazement for several minutes until my composure returned, and I was able to exclaim: "Why, who'd have thought of seeing you here!"

At this my friend laughed and crackled louder than ever, while I moved across to the fireside and sat down beside him in my own easy chair, which seemed ten times cosier than usual that night. I glanced round the room, which had suddenly become really dignified. My friend cast a glow over it and over the table, which, already laid for tea, struck me as being tempting enough to attract a princess.

I turned to my friend and said: "The table is only laid for one, I perceive. I'm sorry you can't eat, old chap, because nothing in the world would give me greater pleasure than to show my regard for you by standing treat to a good square meal."

My friend only crackled again in his peculiarly attractive style, as much as to say, "Don't apologise, old man; it is as gratifying for me to be here as it is for you to see me."

Then, sitting in the twilight, we stared thoughtfully at one another. To have turned up the light would have meant destroying a deal of the effect. So I sat and gazed at the countenance of one who was so indelibly associated with my childhood days, and in his face I seemed to see shadows of the past gradually crowd up before me, until they assumed a distinct shape, bringing back memories of incidents which happened years and years ago.

I sat and gazed for I don't know how long. Neither of us spoke, but we were good company for all that. "The blues" had flown, and a peaceful feeling of contentment pervaded the room in which I had lived and moved for several years.

I felt so much at peace with all the world that I gradually dozed into sleep, from which I was aroused by hearing the chinking of tea-cups and the jingle of spoons. There was another person in the room then, moving silently around the table. I jumped up with a start, and came face to face with the landlady.

"I let you sleep a little, sir," she said, "tinkin' the eggs was bilin' and the tea brewin' and the toas' bein' made. You've 'ad a 'ard day, sir?"

"Yes, a very hard day to-day, Mrs. Waites."

"I thought p'r'aps you would," she rejoined. "An' it bein' so cold, an' not a bit like what autumn used to be when I was young—afore I ever dreamt as I would 'ave to take in lodgers for a livin'. I thought p'r'aps a bit of fire would be welcome-like."

I turned to look at my old friend the fire, who had now settled down after giving me such a warm first welcome, and was beaming quietly and joyously. "It's a treat to see it again," I exclaimed in my delight. "I don't think I shall go out to-night, Mrs. Waites."

R. A. Hudson

# THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE

## AN EFFORT TO ENCOURAGE GOOD FELLOWSHIP AND GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP.

As I promised last week, I now have pleasure in announcing that I have made final arrangements for the formation of a MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Everything has to grow from small beginnings, and I do not propose at the outset to make this League a complicated affair. Later on we shall doubtless develop, and I may be able to organise, in the different cities and towns throughout the country, local clubs whose members will be the same sort of chaps as yourself and me. But you must remember that to form these clubs entails a tremendous amount of labour, and I am contenting myself in the meantime with forming merely a league of friendship and sportsmanship.

I invite you to send me your name and address, so that you may become a member of the League. I shall have all the separate names and addresses sorted out, so that at a glance I may see who are members of the League in any particular town. This system will enable me to put one member into communication with another in his own district, provided he wants to meet a sporting pal.

It would assist me greatly if you would let me know what particular sport or hobby you are keenest on, or in what direction your interests lie, for then I could put you into touch, if you wish it, with someone in your neighbourhood whose tastes are similar.

I would ask you to remember one thing, and that is, that I fear it will be impossible for me to reply to all readers who write to me in connection with this League. I have made it my practice to answer personally every friendly letter which has been addressed to me, but I foresee very clearly that in connection with this League, I shall receive so many letters that it will be outside my power to answer them all.

I am explaining this because I should not like you to feel disappointed at not receiving a reply. You may rest assured, however, that your name and address will be entered up for membership, and that any instructions you may give, or any wishes you may express as to the sort of people you want to be introduced to, will be carefully remembered.

Another little thing that it is hardly necessary for me to bring to your notice, is that when you want to receive the name and address of some other member in your own town, you must, of course, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. I am not making anything out of this League, and I do not think that it is fair to ask me to pay the postages, for the total amount of them would be very heavy.

It has been agreed by all who have given me the benefit of their advice, that we should have some form of badge by which we might know one another.

I considered the matter and tried to find a badge quite out of the common, and I think I have found it.

I have pleasure in reproducing a sketch of it on this page. It is, of course, the man on the rearing horse which has appeared on our first page every week.

The matter of having some sort of inscription was a point which had to be carefully considered. Most badges have far too much reading matter upon them, and you feel, when you wear one of them, that you are a walking advertisement. I therefore cut down the inscription to the very minimum, and the only letters which appear upon it are the two letters "M. M." being the initials of the name of this paper.

The badge, in fact, is the sort of thing that a gentleman would like to wear. There is nothing common or cheap-looking about it, and I think when you see the actual badge that you will like it very much.

I have introduced a fresh novelty in the matter of the place in which the badge is to be worn.

Most badges are worn in the cap or in the lapel of the jacket, but I think that it would be much better that we should wear ours as tie pins. Therefore I have had the bulk of the stock of badges fitted as tie pins.

The League Badge. (Actual size)

For those who prefer it, however, I have had a quantity made with rings, so that they can be hung upon the watch chain, and I have had others fixed up with a stud for wearing in the lapel buttonhole or in the cap.

The badge is made of the finest gilding metal, and is richly gilt. It looks every bit as well as gold, and lends an ideal finishing touch to a man's neckwear. Owing to the quantity I have had manufactured, I am enabled to send them out to members, post free, at sixpence a time.

Those who desire to have badges in solid, hallmarked silver, can have them at a shilling a time, but in the solid silver ones we do not have a stud fastener for the lapel, our stock of solid silver being in tie pins and watch chain pendants only.

Should any opulent reader desire to have a badge of solid gold, we can get one specially made for him, for it will, of course, take some little time to manufacture, and we shall have to quote him a price.

So much for the badges. Now for their purpose. This paper appears to form a strange test of a man's sportsmanship. There are some who do not like it, because it jars upon them. I have met several such, but I have never met one whom I cared for. On the other hand, the regular reader of this paper is invariably a straight, clean-living chap, and a thorough sportsman, and the fact that he is wearing a badge should be sufficient to convince you that he is all right.

I want it to be understood by all those who apply for membership in THE MODERN MAN League that, on becoming members, they are binding themselves to do a good turn to any other member, provided that doing so does not damage their own interests; and it is also an understood thing that two men who are wearing these badges may speak to one another without an introduction.

Whether a casual acquaintance of this description will ripen into friendship will, of course, depend upon the tastes of the men concerned, but I know that many friendships will be formed in this way. I myself have made many valued friends through this paper, and I am anxious that my readers should do likewise.

I am printing below a form of application for membership to the League. Fill it up, enclose it in an envelope with a postal order for 6d., or for 1s., according to whether you want the badge to be gilt or silver, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, W.C.

To avoid confusion, write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

If you do not desire to mutilate your copy by cutting out this form, write it out on ordinary notepaper, which will do quite as well.

The badge will then be forwarded to you as quickly as possible, and I hope that the wearing of it may be a source of pleasure to you, and that it may be the means of increasing a spirit of good fellowship and good sportsmanship throughout the length and breadth of the country.

YOUR EDITOR.

## THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Please enrol me as a member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a badge of membership, for which I enclose postal order, value .....

I desire the badge to be fitted as a tie pin, a pendant, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

*Signature* _____

*Address* _____

_____

# WATER RATTING.

## A DAY'S SPORT WITH DOG AND GUN.

Many a brisk afternoon's sport have I had along the banks of a stream in the country, potting the water rats and hunting them out of their warrens in the river banks with the aid of a terrier, and shooting them on the run as they bolt for their holes, or make desperate dives for the comparative safety of a swim under water.

Very shortly the rats will be travelling away from the stream towards the dry farm-yards and mills and old barns and houses, where they always spend the winter months, returning to the waterside in spring.

They travel by night, making their way with unerring instinct by hedges, ditches, field drains, and other tracks far away from the stream, which is too cold and bleak for them in winter.

But just now is the time to get the best sport out of them when they are plentiful, and while the streams are not overflowing, or swollen and muddy with autumn rains.

The ordinary full-size gun is far too heavy and noisy a weapon for this sport. I have found that most gunsmiths and large ironmongers have in stock, or can get, quite a handy, light little gun, almost a toy, but, nevertheless, very useful and effective. It has one barrel, and is in all essential respects of build and mechanism a miniature sporting gun.

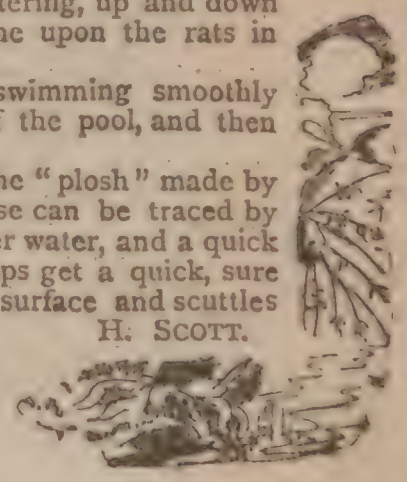
This, then, is the little weapon to carry along the banks of the river. Twenty or thirty of the little cartridges can be carried without any inconvenience from weight.

It needs a quick eye to succeed at the game. Walking slowly, or rather loitering, up and down the river banks, you will come upon the rats in every possible position.

Often they can be seen swimming smoothly across to the opposite side of the pool, and then they afford a capital target.

Often when the sound of the "plosh" made by their dive is heard, their course can be traced by the air they exhale while under water, and a quick eye will follow this, and perhaps get a quick, sure shot in as the rat reaches the surface and scuttles up the bank.

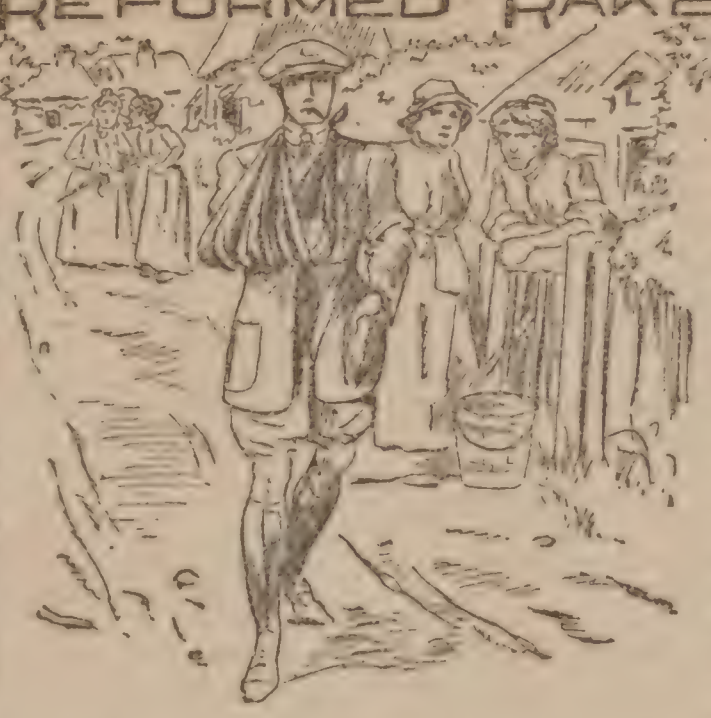
H. SCOTT.



A SKETCH.

# THE REFORMED RAKE.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.



There are many ultra-romantic characters on life's stage, characters that walk about the very streets wreathed in invisible halos, men who are spoken of (behind their backs) in hushed whispers and in tones of semi-awe.

There is, perhaps, nothing very marvellous about them. They have never won a prize in a Derby sweepstake, they have never been caught on a brass-ringed week-end at Brighton, yet they are the cynosure of all eyes.

Their best friends secretly fear them. They are oppressively respectable.

I speak, in short, of that brilliant legion of heavenly cherubim—the reformed rakes.

Acquaintance with the glory and sorrow of the Turf has brought me in touch with many estimable gentlemen whose one desire was to be allowed to live and enjoy the fresh air that blows by way of the ten-bob tank and Tattersall's over to the quiet semi-seclusion of the paddock. They were very fond of the wind, and were always doing their best to raise it. If this could be done at your expense, so much the better.

Many of these aforesaid estimable gentleman, have gone through their lives in the manner duly prescribed for the "crooked heads." Like "crooked heads" they have lived, nobly preserving the prestige of their class by refusing to borrow anything less than a "pony" from a greenhorn at glorious Goodwood, aristocratic Ascot, lovely Lingfield, or excellent Epsom.

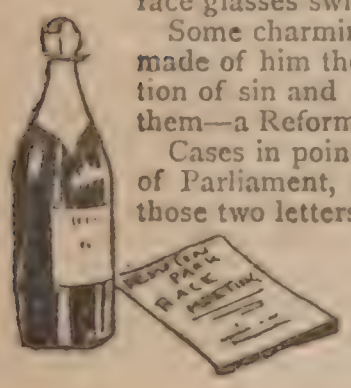
But to every rule the proverb has ordained that there shall be an exception. There has never been discovered on the British Turf a single bookmaker, however, who is anxious to lay a point over the odds, nor a punter who came racing with the intention of losing.

Yet, if you are a searcher after truth (and never expect to find it), you may hear tell in Newmarket hostelries gruesome tales of gay sparks, boys of the village, who had given a miss in baulk to the broad way that ends in destruction and taken to that narrow path that leadeth to the quiet life. And it happens in divers ways, as mysterious as they are almost incredible.

After the chill of winter, Lincoln in balmy, delightful Spring comes round, and you shiver while a 25 to 1 chance rolls home for the big handicap. But if you are a racing regular you look round after the sickening result to find that there is no gold-minted, double-distilled, riotous liver to stand you a consoling small bottle in Tattersall's bar.

The youth you used to know last "Flat" as a dear old sport, systematically doing in the paternal fortune, is no longer there. A vague fear strikes at your heart, and extends its twinge even to your thirst. The Juggins-the-Jay has turned it up, and retired to the bankrupt estate, with the remains of his patrimony.

No longer will he appear in the Bond Street-cut morning coat, the shining topper, the tiny check trousers (I mean the check is tiny, *not* the trousers), the spats, and the patent leathers, with the race glasses swinging in his hand.




Some charming woman has got hold of him and made of him the worst character that a combination of sin and remorse can manufacture between them—a Reformed Rake.

Cases in point are things beloved of Members of Parliament, and, although I am not guilty of those two letters, my friend Mr. Jack Plantagenet Revlington kindly supplies, by his mere personality, full justification for the foregoing remarks.

Of course, J. P. R. is *not* his real name, nor anything like it, but if you knew precisely the signature that many very good handwriting experts longed to be able to write at the end of one of his cheques in life-like imitation, then you would but have to breathe it in Tattersall's to conjure up around you all the men that go racing, with the one question trembling on their *crême-de-menthe* wasted lips: "Where *is* he?" "Here's a man who knows him!" would be mysteriously whispered round the Ring, and the lady who cuts the copper wire off the cork in Tattersall's refreshment bar could feel her heart—not yet in fragments—flutter.

In fact, there are many who would like to know precisely where Jack Revlington is. The salesmen of "dud" jewellery miss him, the confidence trick workers on an artistic scale sigh for his presence, the sharps have fallen flat because he no longer graces the reserved enclosure. They most of them believe he has gone over to the great majority, but I know that he is one of the diminutive minority. He is a reformed rake.

He had a year of it altogether—a little over three hundred and sixty-five days of burning the candle at both ends.

He almost did the same with his pile of bank-notes. He burnt them at each end, and just managed to save the infinitesimal middle portion, and then he came back to Pudlington. (There is no such town—at least, I don't think so. Corporations fond of actions for libel, please note.)

But he came back with less trust in mankind, methinks, and less money. But, oh, the experience!

Oriental orgies, Soho gambling dens, tossing for coins of the realm against people who knew the art, backing "stumers" on the advice of friends—bookmakers' friends—he had sampled all these things, and, what is more, Pudlington knew it!

Pudlington always finds out afterwards that it knew beforehand just what *would* happen to everybody. It knows just who, among its inhabitants, is foredoomed to a life in the county gaol; it has its eye on possible parties in breach of promise and other cases; it knows just why Mrs. Jones's daughter, Ann, left home.

But Jack Plantagenet Revlington was as unique as the oldest inhabitant. He was Pudlington's *only* reformed rake. All other rakes apparently preferred the ultimate hades to the simple life at Pudlington.

On occasions when I stumbled across him in some cool, sunless bar, absorbing claret or virginal white wine, he would look at me reproachfully because he knew I was well aware that his liver had a past.

He shivers a little when I ask the lady who mixes the drinks for "The Sporting Life."

"Look here, Jack," I say to him, sometimes, "I hear you can put your boots on Shirtsleeves in the two-thirty."

"Er—chucked it up, old chap," he says, invariably, "and they can run the Derby on Newmarket Heath or the Leger on the Scenic Railway for all *I* care."

From this subject I get on to nights at the Empire, and whether *tête-à-tête* suppers are conducive to the furtherance of the objects of the Women's Freedom League.

At the mention of the last subject he drains his semi-teetotal concoction, and hastily bids me good morning.

Over the bar, the lady who is wearing the new fashionable turn-down collar with the simple—sweetly simple—tie of the new blue, smiles at me and says:

"I do think Mr. Revlington is a nice young man—but they *do* say—"

"Don't! For heaven's sake, don't," I observe hastily. "I have an appointment in two hours' time, and, well, there are several lots in his catalogue, you know."

"For sale without reserve?" asks [illegible] winking.

"Sold—long ago," I reply.

Jack Revlington's return to Pudlington was only beaten a short head by the shock the Messina earthquake gave to the people who resided in Messina. He came back with all the gay life had left to him, including a fractured arm which he obtained trying to walk through a taxi-cab going at half-speed down Edgware Road.

It was his fractured arm that in reality saved him.

The fair of Pudlington forgave even his rather too obviously sporting attire when they saw him walking about, a damaged hero, with his arm in a sling.

A week later someone discovered that intoxicating liquors were bad for him, and they started him on tannin and a certain much-adulterated fluid vended by milkmen, at a garden party given by the vicar's wealthiest lady parishioner in aid of the Society for Preserving the Nerves of London Motor-'Bus Drivers.

His own nerves wanted a bit of steadying at this time, and tea parties were not much in his line, but still he went to this one.

Something lovely in a biscuit-coloured costume said that as Mr. Revlington was naturally sweet he, of course, required no sugar in his tea.

That afternoon sowed the seeds of his metamorphosis. Bend Or came out of his tie-pin 'ere the shades of evening darkened his dressing-room, the fancy waistcoat with portraits of beautiful damsels for buttons was presented to the grocer's boy, and at night Mr. Jack Revlington emerged—a reforming rake.

From that the gradual transformation was easy. The character of a man may readily be judged by his clothes—that is, if his circumstances enable him to pay for his fancies.

Revlington's clothes became plainer, and more plain.

Even his jaunty walk that used to distinguish him has altered to the estimable plod of a man whose chief excitement is listening to the band and absorbing rather mediocre and greasy-surfaced coffee, seated the while in a shaded canvas chair in Pudlington's park.

Sometimes his hand trembles, and, turning to his friends, he looks at them pathetically as if to say: "That's what comes of being such a dasher in town, you know."

Sometimes he says "Hang it!" And, very rarely, when he spills the milk over his plain suit, he remarks "*con*found!"

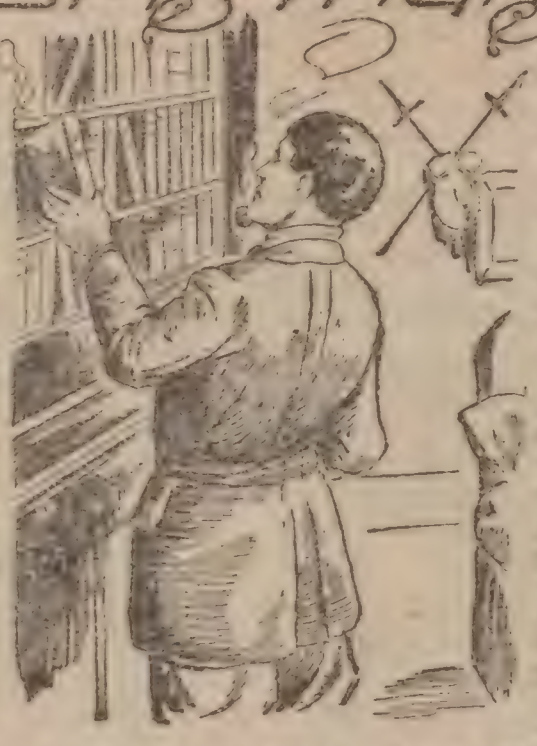
The slang vocabulary of which he was master comes no longer to his aid. "Dead certs" and "good things" are utterly beyond his ken. From loudly and elaborately-patterned attire, he has changed to almost perfection in ordered colour schemes, with leading notes of dark blue and black. Once he could have been described as distinctly doggy; now he is smart but simple.

Sometimes, when the band in the park is playing a selection from "The Toreador," you may hear him singing softly with the light lilt of the refrain:

"Keep off the grass, keep off the grass;
Plunging your pocket won't harden.
Play at your ease, but, if you please,
Keep off the grass in the garden!"

And the grass he is thinking of grows between the dates of the race fixtures in the paddocks of our English racecourses.

# The Sportsman's Library



## A MAN'S BOOKS, AND HOW HE SHOULD KEEP THEM.

Some people are under the impression that the sportsman never opens a book in his life, and they will therefore imagine that to talk of the "sportsman's library," and to refer to anything more than a few handbooks on how to play some game or other, is foolish and unnecessary.

I am convinced, however, that such people are wrong, and that the sportsman and the typical reader of THE MODERN MAN does possess a certain number of books, and does take some thought for the exercise of his mind as well as his body.

I use the word sportsman, of course, in the wider sense of the ordinary healthy-minded man, who does not devote his whole leisure to reading and is not a bookworm, and it is his tastes that I am considering.

In setting up a library the most important thing to remember is that you only want to buy those books which are, as Thucydides claimed his history was, a possession for ever. There are some books which you never want to read more than once. It is foolish to cumber your shelves with these.

### NOVELS AND ECONOMY.

Such books can be obtained from a library and read at a cost of twopence, and you thus save both money and space. It may be discouraging to the authors, but money and space are valuable commodities in these days, and one cannot afford to squander them for the sake of an author.

There are few modern novels that a man will want to add permanently to his library, yet it will not be complete without at least some presentable fiction. He will, therefore, need to buy one or two novels which, having read them once, he feels that he is likely to want to read again, and if his tastes are at all normal, the popular sixpenny or sevenpenny editions will prove invaluable.

These give often better print in a smaller compass and at an eighth of the price of the ordinary six-shilling novel. And the book, being bound in cloth, is a "possession for ever" and will not disgrace the bookshelf.

Paper bound editions should be avoided, unless you mean to adopt the custom that prevails in France, where almost every book is published in paper wrappers, and the buyer has it bound according to his taste, or to match the rest of his library.

### BULK AND RESPECTABILITY.

Nothing looks duller, by the way, than a large number of volumes all bound exactly the same. Variety must be aimed at in the exterior as well as the interior of the books.

One or two of the works of each of the great novelists of earlier days should also find a place on the shelves—Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Stevenson, Meredith, and the rest—but let them be only the favourite ones and not books chosen at random and displayed on the strength of the author's name.

In the matter of poetry men's tastes differ so widely and the field is so large that it is impossible to generalise the average man's collection.

The works of his favourite poets are essentially things that a man should possess and not borrow, for one is always wanting to verify quotations or to refer to them, and poetry is usually "odd-time" reading.

Shakespeare, of course, will find a place—one can get his entire works in one volume nowadays for 2s. 6d. Among the moderns the sportsman will naturally be attracted to the most virile poets, and Kipling and Newbolt will probably be amongst those represented.

The most important thing is that he should restrict himself to those works which he can least easily obtain in a public library or elsewhere.

A few books on his favourite sports will also be in evidence. The famous Badminton Library will probably supply the needs of most men, though with some sports the books are not quite up to date.

Each man has a different idea as to what books he likes to have always by him. If he is fond of horses, there will probably be a book or two on their health and treatment — the Government publication, by the way, known as "Animal Management," is hardly to be improved on in this connection.

If he is a Territorial there will be a drill book or two, and perhaps a Field Service Pocket Book, with its wealth of useful information. In many cases a few books bearing on the man's business or occupation may be included, for these are often available, and it is worth the while of an ambitious man to study them.

There is nothing that can tell you a man's tastes, and to a certain extent his character, so quickly as his books. Most men have a fad or two that they do not divulge to the world, and you will often find it silently proclaimed by their books.

A few books of reference will complete the list—an English dictionary first and foremost, for there are very few Britons who can safely dispense with that guide to their mother tongue. A good atlas is also often forgotten and often wanted.

### THE INSIDIOUS CYCLOPÆDIA.

Cyclopædias, however, and self-educators, and such-like voluminous and spasmodically appearing works are best avoided. They may contain much useful information, but there is rarely as much as you want on the subjects on which you consult them, while you are having to give house room to a lot of facts which you do not care about and are never likely to want to know.

You can find what you want at the nearest public library with no expense of space and money, and very little more of time.

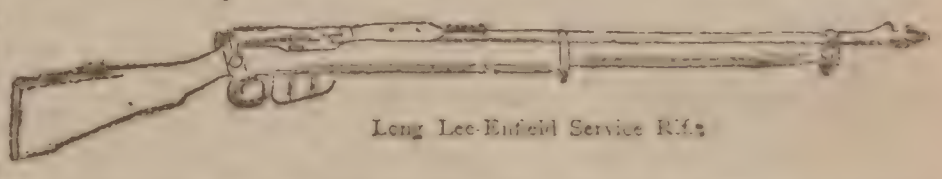
In the matter of bookcases tastes differ, but be careful to put your books in shelves that fit them, and allow only about an inch above the top. A small book in a large shelf looks like a fish out of water, and is fully exposed to the dust.

Plain deal shelves with the front and sides painted white form the cheapest and most effective standing bookcase. A good hanging one can be made by three or four shelves supported by strings, and without sides. ALAN HAMER.

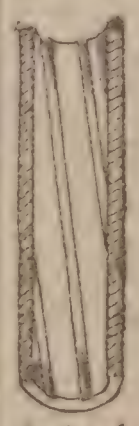
# CONCERNING RIFLES.

As the diagrams on this page will show, the rifles here referred to are those in use by the British Army to-day. It is impossible in so short a space to deal either with obsolete patterns or with the weapons—in some cases, alas! more serviceable weapons—in use in the armies of other countries.

It is commonly supposed that the use of rifling is a modern innovation, but though it was only after the Peninsular War that the "Brown Bess" musket was superseded by a rifle, yet the oldest rifle extant bears the date 1547. It was only with the advent of breech-loading, however, that the rifle came into its own.



Long Lee-Enfield Service Rifle.

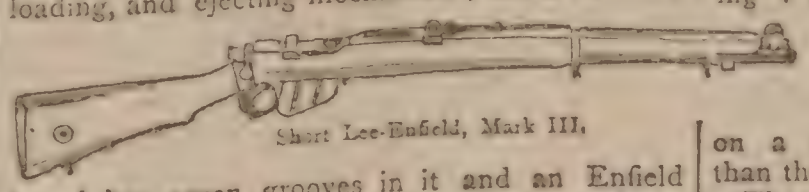


Section of Rifling.

The principle of "rifling," in which a rifle differs from a gun, is, as most people know, that a series of grooves runs in a spiral down the inside of the barrel. The accompanying sketch shows a section of the barrel with three of the hollow grooves indicated.

The object of rifling is to give a spin to the bullet, and so to enable an elongated bullet to be used without its turning over and over in its flight. This presents much less resistance to the air than the old spherical musket-ball.

The service rifle in use in Great Britain is, generally speaking, of the Lee-Metford or the Lee-Enfield pattern. Each has the Lee action, which refers to the firing, loading, and ejecting mechanism; but a Metford barrel has seven grooves in it and an Enfield barrel only five. The calibre, or diameter of the barrel in inches, is in each case ·303.



Short Lee-Enfield, Mark III.

The long Lee-Enfield rifle, which is now superseded and no longer issued, though many Territorial corps are still armed with it, is a splendid weapon for accuracy of shooting, especially for target work, but for service conditions the new short service rifle is far superior.

It is also a Lee-Enfield, the barrel and action being practically the same, except that the new short rifle has a double-pull trigger and has no bolt-cover. Its barrel is only 25·19in. long, almost 5in. shorter than the old pattern, in which the rifling, making one complete turn in 10in., and goes round nearly three times.

With ordinary Government ammunition the muzzle velocity—that is to say, the rate at which the bullet leaves the barrel—is 2,000ft. per second, and it will travel about two miles.

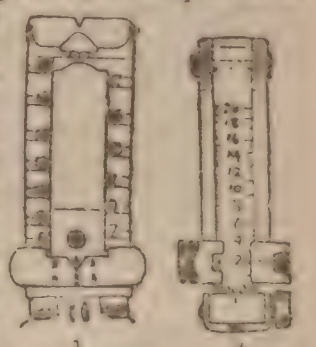
The British service rifle is sighted up to 2,800 yards by means of a "dial sight" on the stock, but is then only useful for haphazard shooting or when the mark is a large body of troops. Effective range ceases at 1,400 yards.

The ordinary method of sighting—up to 2,000 yards with the short rifle, and 1,800 with the long—is shown in the accompanying diagram. The sights of the two rifles are shown side by side, that of the old rifle being seen from the point of view of the firer aimed at a bull's-eye, the "barleycorn" of the foresight just appearing in the V. The sight is fixed at 600 yards.

The back sight of the new rifle is shown from above; the side view appears in the complete sketch. It is hinged to the sight bed at the top, and is raised by a bar sliding on a ramp, the aiming V being at the bottom of the diagram. It is fitted on a sliding wind-gauge worked by the thumbscrew on the right. This sight is set in the sketch at 200 yards. The old pattern sight is here reproduced on a much larger scale than the new.

The power and accuracy of the rifle, as compared with the smooth-bore musket, is shown by the old saying among soldiers that to get effective shooting you should withhold your fire until you could distinguish the whites of your enemy's eyes.

A. H. MAUDE.



Back sight:- (1) Old Pattern, (2) New Pattern.

# MY NOTEBOOK.

**ONE YEAR OLD.** I am taking the liberty this week of extending "My Notebook" to three columns instead of the usual two, because I think that for the anniversary number I am justified in doing so.

I am not given to retrospection, for as a rule it is unsatisfactory; rather do I like to look forward. On the completion of the first year of the existence of this paper, however, I am tempted to cast my thoughts back over the twelve months of its existence.

I very well remember starting the paper. I was twelve months younger then in actual age, and I had all the confidence and enthusiasm of youth. Had it not been for that confidence in myself and my purpose, I doubt very much whether I should have had the courage to go on with the idea.

It took more doing than anybody but myself will ever know.

I had sweated hard to get as much experience as possible, but there were difficulties to be faced that were outside the scope of experience altogether.

**EARLY CRITICISM.** A paper for men was something new, and those experienced in journalism were convinced, when I mentioned it to them, that it could not be a success.

It is satisfying to me now to recall the fact that I never listened for a moment to these prophets of evil. I had nursed the idea since I was sixteen, and had worked hard in order to secure enough money to put it into practical form. During the intervening years I had lived for THE MODERN MAN. All my thoughts had been centred upon it. It was, in a word, my sweetheart. For it I had sacrificed many pleasures; I had worked while others were enjoying themselves or sleeping, and the realisation of the idea was the reward which I promised myself for the transient pleasures that I had foregone. I was not, therefore, to be dissuaded when the moment arrived for giving the paper a being.

**THE MAGNITUDE OF THE ENTERPRISE.** The birth of a paper of this magnitude is by no means a simple matter. I was determined that it should go with a rush from the very beginning, and that it should be on sale in all quarters of the earth. I based my calculations upon a big circulation, which incidentally meant a very large cost in production.

Had I failed, I should have failed with a terrific smash, but I have not failed. I have weathered the first twelve months, and have proved conclusively to the publishing world that a paper of this description was wanted.

I have been justified in my expectations. The sacrifices I have made have been rewarded. The paper has been a record success.

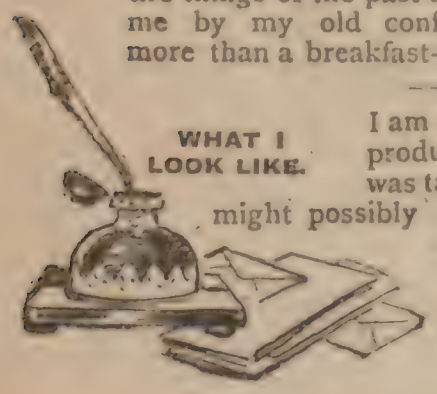
**A QUESTION.** The other day I lunched with an editor to whom I acted as assistant when I was gaining my experience.

"Given the same circumstances," he said, "and given the experience you now possess, would you have the nerve to start afresh?"

I told him that I considered the question to be an unfair one. In this paper is embodied the whole purpose of my life, and, such being the case, I may consider its inception and its existence as parallel to life. The cruellest god ever conceived by a heathen would not demand that we should live our lives a second time with a knowledge of what was going to happen.

Starting afresh, I do not know whether I should possess the courage to face the difficulties that have confronted me—that is, if I knew they were coming, but I am happy to say that difficulties are things of the past and that the question put to me by my old confrère amounts to nothing more than a breakfast-table problem.

**WHAT I LOOK LIKE.** I am giving in this number a reproduction of a photograph which was taken just in time for press. I might possibly have been taken to better advantage, but I prefer to use this snapshot because I think that a snapshot gives you a better idea of what a man really looks like than does a portrait taken in a photographic studio.



I suppose that this portrait will do me a good deal more harm than good. Every reader has, I take it, conceived his own idea as to the personality of the Editor, and I imagine that in many cases the actual portrayal of my likeness will be an unpleasant shock.

And yet it may serve to indicate to some extent the fact that I am a comparative youngster, that I am nothing extra in physique, good looks, or anything else; that I am, in short, just an average young man, with the same likes and dislikes, the same strength and the same weaknesses, as the average reader.

**THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S TROUBLES.** You would have been amused if you had been present when the photograph was taken. I do not think that Atholl had ever before been aimed at by a camera, and he was very uneasy. The photographer had to stalk us both with great care, advancing his apparatus inch by inch, while I did my best to keep Atholl quiet.

Dick, on the other hand, showed not the faintest trace of nervousness—in fact, I am afraid that he tentertained a good deal of contempt for the photographer, for, as you will observe, he has turned his back upon the camera. I did not, by the way, invite him to come into the picture at all, but it is difficult to keep him out of the landscape when I am anywhere about.

**IN RETURN.** The cost of giving away a supplement with the paper, worthless as that supplement may seem unless you happen to want it, is very great. I have borne it personally instead of making this a double number and charging extra. It is, in fact, my little birthday gift to my readers. I do not know whether you feel you would like to return the compliment, but if you do, the very best and most acceptable birthday gift you could possibly offer me would be another new reader.

If every reader obtained just one new buyer, I should double my circulation, and should be enabled to improve the paper still further. It is not every reader who will trouble to oblige me in this way, but to those who will I offer my heartiest thanks in anticipation.

**THE ESSENCE OF THE PAPER.** With regard to the success of this paper, I can only repeat what I have already said—namely, that it has caught on because it happens to coincide with the public demand. The masculinity, the sportsmanship, the hatred of humbug, and the searching for truth which are indicated in this paper are, I find, mirrored in the minds of the masculine public. They wanted the paper, I supplied the want, and therefore the paper has sold. There is nothing more in it than that.

One thing which pleases me very much in looking back over the past year is the fact that I have received many letters from readers who say that I have helped them to become stronger in character, and from others who say that I have provided them with a new joy in life.

Without vanity, I think that I may claim to have done a little bit of good in starting this paper, and to feel that is very pleasant.

**CLEAN.** I may certainly claim one thing, and that is that I have always kept the paper clean. I do not think that there is one obscene advertiser who has not approached me in the matter of inserting his advertisements. The fact that my readers are all men seemed to these people to offer them special facilities for the disposal of their wares, and many of them have offered me prices for space ten times as great as that which I charge to ordinary advertisers. As you know, however, I have kept clear of them.

I made up my mind at the outset that I would never harm anybody, making money. What have made I have m cleanly, and I trust that I shall always co to do so. Gold with specks of dirt upon it worse than copper.

Therefore I have kept clear of objectiona advertisers in spite of their tempting offers.

**PREACHING.** On the other hand, I do no that I can justly claim to ha a preacher. Some enthusiastic readers written to me saying that I have done more go than all the parsons in the country. Certainly have never intended to preach, and time and a I have drawn my blue pencil through part manuscripts where my contributors have appeare to do so.

I never preach, because, for one thing, it is easy—anybody can preach, and can tell people what to do, even if he cannot do it hi For another thing, I do not think that I sho justified in offering any system of ethics to people. If I were perfect myself I might atte to do so, but knowing my own faults I think better not.

What good I may have done is simply due to fact that by making this paper masculine, and clean, I have supplied certain lonely men what amounts to a fairly efficient substitute friendship. From a perusal of the paper, have received much the same sensation as being in company with a virile, clean-minded

In a word, any good that may have been by the paper is incidental. I have never int tionally preached, and I never shall. The effect of this paper is due to the vigour emanates from its contributors, and all the that I claim is in having been the means finding these writers, and of organising business of founding and editing the paper.

**LOOKING FORWARD.** I am hopeful that during the year of the paper's life we shall able to make as much progress we have done during the past one.

I have just been looking at a file of copies have been comparing those issued in the early with the ones now on sale.

In the early issues, it is true, I managed to duce a fair number of articles which were lent in their way, but these issues, as a whole much to be desired. I daresay they indica something of the idea which I was endeavouring to set before you, and because they did this were acceptable to my readers in spite of the that many of the articles and stories were, from our present standard, no better than ought to have been.

I think you will admit with me that we improved vastly since these early days, and even like to think that improvement may be week by week in regular sequence.

I am therefore encouraged to hope although I am already doing my best, I shall be to improve the paper still further as time goes

As I hinted to you once before, the improv ment I am keenest upon at the moment is increase the number of pages.

For this we must wait a little, as the great which would be entailed could only be met by enormously increased circulation. I am, however, gradually approaching the circulation will make this increase a possibility, and I very much indebted to those who have helped to accomplish this by recommending the paper new readers.

**A TRIBUTE.** I desire to pay the tribute to those who have hel to make THE MODERN MAN a success—to readers who have introduced it to their friends the newsagents and wholesale houses throughout the country and the Colonies, to my printers and publishers, to my contributors and to my editorial staff.

To one and all I acknowledge my indebtedness. It is I who receive the congratulations, but the credit is really theirs. YOUR EDITOR.

*Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*

# THE POPULAR MAN.

## VIII. THE FELLOW WHO DOES NOT CRITICISE.

They grow fewer and fewer every year, these genial souls who are too full of the joy of life to waste time criticising the performances of their friends and acquaintances.

Nowadays we are all critics, we have our own opinion on every subject under the sun or moon. Every man is his own encyclopædia. What he doesn't know he makes up, and his word is a law—unto himself.

Not even the highest authority has much weight nowadays, when we are all authorities ; all holding our own fixed opinions, all shouting them, which is worse still.

Perhaps the least attractive aspect of sport to-day is this itch to talk critically of our friends' performances.

The habit is fostered by the newspapers, which seem to think that no sport is worth mentioning in the strain of whole-hearted praise. Why Brown was not a twentieth of a second faster in his hundred yards sprint seems to be of much more import to Brown's friends than the fact that he went like the wind and ran right manfully and well, even if he did not make or break those wretched things called records.

And while Jones can box with any average man and give a good account of himself, all that one hears of him concerns one or two little tricks that don't really make any difference to the way he knocks out his man or defends himself.

Then the colour of Robinson's socks alters the entire opinion of his friends about him. They think of him as something purple with yellow bars across it, rather than as a real good fellow with a minor fad or two.

Criticise, criticise, criticise—this is the curse of the day. But what a pleasure it is to meet with that rare being to whom the little faults are as nothing.

He is a man who lives for the broad effects of life. He enjoys a good game without picking holes in the way the other men played it. He radiates an atmosphere suggestive of the open plain and the lifting hills rather than that of the armchair critics of the bar parlour.

A good performance is a joy to him, and, like the wise and generous man he is, he overlooks the casual faults and incidental blemishes that are inseparable from every achievement.

A word of praise or appreciation from him is valued by the sportsman far more than the minute analysis of the expert critic who imagines about half of the defects he sees in others and magnifies the other half by the glass of his own colossal knowledge.

It is not that the sportsman dislikes to hear about his weak points. He is not ready perhaps to wring the hand of his critic with gratitude, and, may be, he would rather hear a little praise ; but he knows his own faults as well as his critic, and is not so deeply in love with them as to want them brought to his notice in and out of season.

He seeks rather the companionship of the man who sets out with the knowledge that perfection is rather a deeply buried nugget, and who doesn't expect to find it everywhere.

More flies are caught by sugar than by vinegar, and the man who is invariably popular is he who, when speaking of his friends, does so with a generous appreciation of merit and a diplomatic blindness to faults. The habit of criticism grows upon a man and makes him a bear and a bore.

It is an old saying that the art critic is the man who has failed in art, and as a general rule this may be extended to the critic of life, of his friends and of everything around him.

He is only too often something of a failure in life, in whom failure has bred a bitterness that finds its vent in cynicism and in the unasked-for criticism of other people's efforts.

Even when the criticism is asked, it will probably be so tactless as to give offence.

G. C. HAMILTON.

KEEPER : "Hi ! You can't fish here without a permit !"

THE SPORTSMAN : "Well, I'm getting on well enough with a worm !"

* * *

"Do you consider your nerve sufficiently steady to fit you for an airship navigator ?"

"Yes. I've been out in a canoe with a nervous fat girl !"

* * *

MOTHER (reading telegram) : "Henry telegraphs that the football match is over, and he came out of it with three broken ribs."

FATHER : "And who won ?"

MOTHER : "He doesn't say."

FATHER (impatiently) : "Bother it all ! That boy never thinks of anybody but himself. Now I must wait until I get the morning paper."

* * *

ASSISTANT : "This customer writes : 'I don't see how you can have the nerve to sell your worthless remedy for half-a-crown a bottle.' "

MANAGER : "Well, strike out 'have the nerve to' and 'worthless,' and put the letter amongst our testimonials."

That's the way it's done, you know.

* * *

TRAMP : "Help me lady, please ! For three years I worked for the cause of temperance."

LADY : "Were you a temperance orator ?"

TRAMP : "No ; I was the horrible example !"

But even that didn't melt her.

* * *

MOTORIST : "This car can do fifty miles an hour ! Can you stand it ?"

HIS FRIEND (*Swallowing another pint of dust*) : Yes, old chap ; I'm full of grit."

* * *

"Your cockney friend is very plain-spoken. He calls a spade a spade, doesn't he ?"

"No ; he calls it a spide !"

* * *

SMITH : "The walls of your flat are very thin, aren't they ?"

BROWN : "Oh, very ! We could actually hear our neighbours having celery for dinner last night."

* * *

"Is that the same motor-car that you had last year ?"

"Exactly, except the body and three of the wheels."

* * *

ARDENT SPORTSMAN : "I think that bird'll come down, John, don't you ?"

THE KEEPER : "Aye, I reckon he will—when he's hungry."

* * *

"Does it hurt you to talk ?" asked the throat specialist.

"Yes," she replied.

"Then don't," said the T.S. "Five shillings, please !"

* * *

"I don't want my hair brushed over my fore head any longer," declared Willie. "I want a crack in it, like father's."

# THE EEL-CATCHER.

## AN OPEN-AIR TYPE.

Wherever the marshlands spread out their broad levels and are alternately covered by the waters of river or sea, or the brackish mingling of both, there the eel-catcher will be found busily engaged just now, since it is his best season, in "darting" for eels.

He is, as a rule, a man of many occupations, finding work all the year round, however, in spite of the lack of a permanent job.

This is much more to his liking than working for the same master year in year out, for the eel-catcher has something of the wanderer, the gipsy, the poacher, and the strong, virile spirit of the rover in his sturdy frame.

The blood that keeps his well-knit body in such fine condition is no product of the town. For generations he and his ancestors have kept aloof from towns. Their spirit has been too wild, too roving, too fond of open expanses and loneliness to allow them to thrive within many walls.

The marshland eel-catcher of to-day is the descendant of a long race of open-air men who have retained their vigour and manhood uncorrupted by the close life of the town and its enervating temptations.

There are few temperatures that make him wince ; the blood fights all extremes of weather successfully, and it is well that he is of such a constitution, for times are indeed hard and weather bitter when the wind sweeps across the marsh's unprotected area, straight from northern and eastern oceans.

Just now the eel-catcher heeds the weather but little. His harvest is too exacting to allow him to work by the sky and watch the clouds. Whether autumn be mild and mellow, or one long drawn out drenching downpour, he is out all day with his basket and his "dart."

He makes for the mud flats where the winter tides just cover the rough herbage growing in the margin that is neither land nor water for long together. Here he wades or, if fortunate and well equipped, enters his punt, and at once begins his work.

This is carried out with the aid of a long pole, on the end of which are fixed several sharp and barbed steel points—"darts."

The eels are, of course, invisible, and the catcher must have studied their habits closely if he does not wish to spend a fruitless day.

He begins to probe, gently always, down into the mud. His face bears a thoughtful look of anticipation. He is watching only with his mind and his sense of touch. Slowly he draws his dart to and fro amid the mud, his hand ready to detect the least movement down in the deep slime where his darts are buried.

Ah ! he feels a stirring eel ! A short sharp thrust, a quivering of his pole, and he knows he has spiked a "booty" as he calls a good fat well-grown eel.

He lifts it into the punt, releases it from the barbs without a word, and again sends the dart down into the mud.

The process goes on without ceasing throughout the day. The rain may fall, the gale may sweep across the flats, the wild creatures of the marshland, chiefly wading and swimming birds with clear, shrill, whistling voices, may fill the surrounding spaces with their cries and wheeling flight, but the eel-catcher, hardly visible out in the dim expanse, goes steadily forward with his work. He seems part of the life of the marshlands.

He may take in this laborious, cunning way as much as thirty pounds weight of eels in a day and repeat the capture for many days from October onwards.

There is always a ready market for his eels in the seaboard towns near which he works. And having finished his day's work he will tie up the punt in the creek, shoulder his catch, and tramp into the town and dispose of the eels, stopping only for a quart of his favourite brew, before quitting the town with the coins jingling pleasantly in his pocket as he walks.

M. BRUCE.

# RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

**A WEEKLY FEATURE.**

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

## GETTING INTO CONDITION.

Getting into condition is not as easy a matter as it appears on paper.

Of course, there are some exceptionally lucky men who always continue to keep fit without taking any extra precautions to remain so. But the generality, who intend to take up some sport or game, have first of all to face the question "am I fit?" And to those who are obliged to answer in the negative, a few hints may prove useful.

In the first place, if too, too solid flesh oppress you, the chief thing is to get it off without undue loss of strength. This can be done by judicious exercise, such as walking and skipping, and light exercise with the dumb-bells or Indian clubs.

Diet should be light and nourishing. Sleep should not be for less than eight or nine hours, and hot baths are absolutely necessary.

Massage is excellent for hardening the muscles, and punching the ball is a capital fat-reducer.

If, on the other hand, you are inclined to be of the lean order, diet should be of a nourishing and fattening description, but carefully regulated and selected. To eat a great quantity of food is simply to choke up the system with waste material.

Milk is an ideal food. Chocolate and sugar are advocated in the German Army as being nourishing and wonderful preservers of energy.

Cold baths will tend to render the body hard, and hand massage will keep the muscles supple.

Over-much smoking should not be indulged in by the man who wants to get fit, as it shortens the wind, and beer should be limited to a glass with meals.

## FOR THE LEG MUSCLES.

This is an extremely simple exercise which will need to be practised for a good long spell every morning, but which will have an excellent effect on the development of the legs.

A fine exercise, if you give your mind to it.

Take an ordinary bedroom chair and place it with the back towards your left side as shown in the sketch.

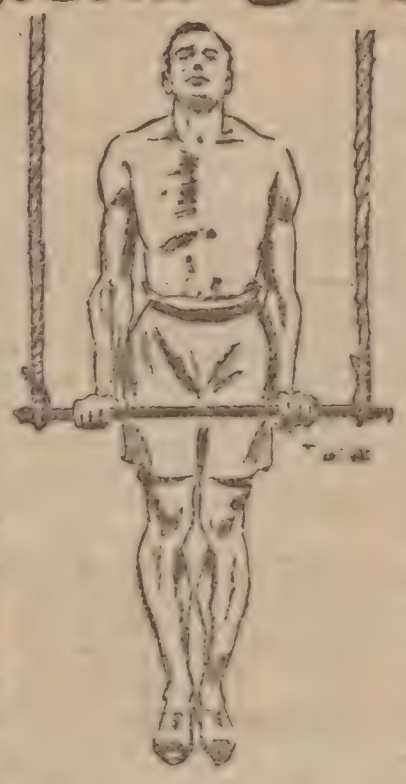
Grasp the back firmly in the left hand, keeping the upper arm close to the side, and stand absolutely erect, with the right arm dropped to the side.

Now transfer the whole weight to the left leg, retaining the balance by your hold on the back of the chair. Raise the right leg sideways, keeping it quite stiff, and carrying it outwards as far as you can force it.

The movement should be done slowly, and the leg then returned slowly to the starting position.

Repeat the exercise some half-dozen times with the right leg, and then turn round facing the other way, and hold the chair with your right hand, raising the left leg in a similar manner.

The muscles of both legs will profit by the exercise at the same time, for while one is being raised and the upper thigh muscles brought into play, the other is occupied in supporting the weight of the body and maintaining the balance.



## HOW TO JUMP.

In jumping care should be taken always to alight on the balls of the feet. The arch of the foot is calculated to bear great weight, and is so constructed as to break the shock or concussion on landing.

By alighting on the balls of the feet less shock is felt, as the elasticity is greatest at the forward part of the arch.

Children often turn their ankles by foolishly jumping "solid," and correct methods should be demonstrated to them.

The sharp pain which immediately follows landing is a certain intimation that the jumper is taking the leap wrongly, and permanent injury has often been set up by this exercise if persisted in.

For the long-jumper this landing on the balls of the feet is, of course, not possible.

He must land on his heels, but, by relaxing the muscles on landing and slowly sinking down in a doubled-up posture, the concussion is reduced to a minimum.

## THE THREE CHAIR TRICK.

The series of physical tricks, of which I give the first this week, differ very little from ordinary exercises, and may suitably be substituted for them by way of variety.

But they have various advantages over the exercise, which can appeal only to the keen physical culturist and cannot be an end in itself. It is, of course, a means to a very desirable end—

It is not everybody who can bring this off.

that of a good physical development—and as such is better than any trick or sport where the mind is concentrated less on the exercise than the fun of the thing.

These tricks, however, can be performed in ordinary clothes, and make an excellent after-dinner amusement. They are usually the sort of thing that is much in demand about Christmas time and in the winter evenings, so it is worth while giving them a little preliminary practice so that you may astonish your friends later on.

Many of them are by no means easy and take a good deal of hard work; many look a great deal more showy than they are, while others depend largely on the build of the performer, and are impossible for some people and comparatively easy to others.

Most of them depend very largely on nerve, and if you once let yourself funk them or give in, it will be a long time before you meet with success.

For the trick illustrated on this page three chairs are necessary, of which two should be, for the sake of your comfort, soft-seated, and the third should be fairly light.

For a first effort a cane-seated chair is advisable.

Set the chairs as shown in the sketch, and lie across them so that your head and neck, but *not* your shoulders, rest on one, and your heels and nothing more on the one at the other end, your body being as yet chiefly supported by the centre chair.

Grasp the back of this chair as depicted, or in any other way that you may find easier, and transfer your weight from it to the two end ones so that your body is arched and supported by head and feet only.

Draw out the middle chair and lift it across your body, turn it round and slip it underneath you again, by which time you will be quite glad to sink exhausted upon it.

The strain on the abdominal muscles is a small one, and it is extremely good for them. After a time the tricks become quite easy to you, and the development and strength of the muscles of your abdomen are greatly increased.

It is advisable to take a slight rest when you have drawn the chair almost entirely from beneath you, and before you begin to bring it across the body.

## A FINGER EXERCISE.

This simple exercise for strengthening the fingers, and incidentally the grip, is one that is often practised by pianists, to whom strong and supple hands and wrists are so important.

Lay the hand flat on the table with the fingers together. Now raise the fingers in turn as high as possible without moving the position of the wrist or taking the other fingers off the table. With the first finger, which is with most men the strongest, you should find but little difficulty, and you will be able to raise it to the position shown in the sketch, or even higher.

An exercise for odd moments.

But the second finger will be found a good deal stiffer, and when you come to the third you will feel almost powerless at first to raise it.

Constant practice, however, can work wonders, and the fingers of either hand can be exercised at odd times throughout the day.

Though the result is not any marked obvious development of muscle, the strength of your hand will be vastly increased, and a good grip is a considerable asset to any man. Moreover, it can be obtained by men who are otherwise not gifted by Nature in the way of physical development.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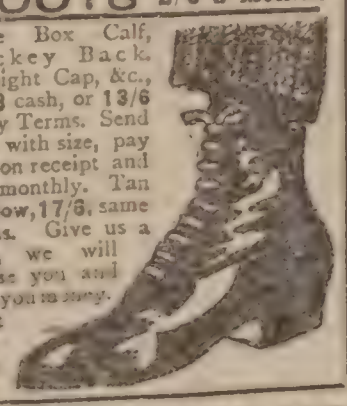

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# WILL FOOTBALL LAST?

## THE PROS AND CONS WEIGHED UP.

Many a reader will think that there is only one possible answer to the question whether professional Association football will last, and that in the affirmative.

But is it so certain? Cricket as a public spectacle and recreation is undoubtedly on the wane, and it may well be that football will decline as county cricket has declined, and from much the same causes. However, let me try to put both sides of the question as fairly as possible.

In favour of the lasting of football—I mean as a public attraction—there is the fact that it is an ideal recreation for the working chap. He has not much leisure for amusement, and as a spectator he wants a game that is short, exciting, and decisive.

Football answers all these requirements. Drawn games there are, of course, but the wearisome, foregone conclusion kind of draw, so common in cricket, is unknown in football.

A draw at football provides excitement right up to the last second. Football is only dull when one side is immeasurably superior to another, and such disparity is seldom seen in professional football.

### EXCITING, BUT CHEAP.

Then football is a cheap amusement. To follow cricket a man must give up much of that time which is money, but a man may be a football enthusiast without in any way neglecting the sterner things of life. For sixpence the football spectator gets an hour and a half's excellent amusement.

Moreover, he is well catered for in the way of accommodation; the game is conducted on business lines, weather very seldom interferes with it; at other games it is often a toss-up whether the spectator will see anything worth seeing, but in nine cases out of ten the football crowd get full value for their money. That is a very strong argument in favour of the lasting popularity of football.

### SIMPLICITY.

Then it is a game that anyone can understand. Baseball, for example, will never be really popular with the British public, because it is too complicated. Football will last, because there is no other winter game to take its place as a spectacle.

Further, the strong competitive interest in it will keep it alive. County cricket has been spoilt by the inequality of the teams, some of which have no earthly chance of winning the championship, but in all the various leagues there is no marked difference between one team and another.

Football crowds are increasing, not diminishing, with the passing years. The large number of ladies who now attend matches is another proof of the growing popularity of the game, and that it is properly conducted.

Finally, on this side of the question, football has become a national institution, and as such will endure as long as the nation lives.

Now let us glance at the other side. Football will die, just because it is a spectacle, not a sport. All spectacles become wearisome in time; and there is no reason why football should prove an exception to this rule.

The very good that football has done will kill it in the end. Football has undoubtedly made for temperance among the public—that, anyway, is the testimony of temperance leaders. It has given thousands an interest in athletics that they never had before. It has done much to educate the masses to leading cleaner, healthier lives. But with this improvement must come recognition of the fact that football is not a sport.

### NOT A SPORTING GAME.

The football public are fast being educated up to the point where they will recognise the unsporting character of professional football, and turn from it in disgust.

What sport is there in a game where players are bought and sold like cattle, where the club with the longest purse must win in the end? What real competitive interest is there when cities and towns are represented by "aliens."

Then the game is foul. I do not mean in the way of being brutal, but there is no sporting spirit in it. A professional player will commit a deliberate foul, if that is the only chance of saving a dangerous situation, and the penalties for fouls are grossly inadequate.

The public, I say, are awakening to better things in sport, and the fouiness, the win-at-any-price nature of the professional game is bound to disgust them in time.

### THE RISE OF THE AMATEUR.

Amateur football is growing in favour with the public, and the amateurs have only to give more consideration to the comfort and interests of spectators to rob professional football of half its adherents.

The public are growing sick of constant disputes between the football authorities, clubs, and players. The game is terribly monotonous, methods being stereotyped to a degree.

Rugby football is becoming more and more popular with the crowd, because it has been made a brighter, livelier game than "Soccer," and there is more of the man-to-man struggle in it than in the sister game.

But it is the want of sport in professional football that will eventually kill it. No game can live that is not built on solid sporting foundations.

You cannot reform professional football, because it is a commercial undertaking, and commerce and sport are irreconcilable. R. F. WATSON.

---

HE: According to this paper, a man has lived a year on beer alone.

SHE: If he lived on beer, I don't wonder. Nobody decent would live with him.


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# WHOM THE GODS MOCK.

## A HUMAN SKETCH.

A young man sat on the top of a steep cliff looking out to sea, out over the sullen waste of waters in whose depths many and many a goodly ship had gone down.

The watcher's face was white and set.

He was fighting a fierce fight with himself, for all that he sat so still.

It was a new experience for Crosbie. He was going to do the right thing, he told himself, come what might.

It is wonderful what a warm glow that same righteous intention engenders in a man, and with such as these Hell is said to be paved.

But Will Crosbie meant what he said.

He smiled a little, relaxing the grim lines that marred his mouth.

"Dear little girl," he said, under his breath.

From behind a dark bed of clouds the round disc of the full moon emerged, silvering the grey sea, and he took it for a benediction, this sudden lifting of the darkness.

He got up.

There was a train back to town in an hour: he would just be able to catch it.

He stepped out, turning his back on the sea.

The moon disappeared as suddenly as she had come, and the wind had risen, while from the sea there rose a peculiar sobbing wail.

Nature seemed to mock him, she was so at variance with his uplifted state of mind. He would have been better pleased if the night had turned out a moonlight one, with myriads of stars, and if the sea had been calm and peaceful, with the silvery reflection with which the ocean pays homage to the moon.

He caught the train in good time, and as he journeyed he pictured her delight at his return, her joy at his news.

He saw in imagination her sweet blue eyes, full of that soft, shy light that had been in them when he used to woo her by the stile, her soft red mouth trembling beneath his kisses.

He could hear her pretty voice exclaiming when he told her that he was going to take her with him to his own people as his wife.

"Dear little woman, how pleased she will be!"

And so he allowed his fancies to run on.

The other side of the picture he ignored. It is a way men have.

He chose to forget that not all he could do would quite make up for her loss of innocence. That the wedding ring to-day would not be the same as if he had put it on before she left her home, that his tardy repentance could not take out the sting of some bitter words he had spoken before he left her for that visit to the sea.

"Oh, that was only a fit of temper!" He comforted himself with the thought, "I daresay she cried a bit."

But now! Now he was going back to make "an honest woman of her," as the country folk who were her kinspeople phrase it; and at the homely words he smiled.

In at the window peeped the moon—he thought that there was a mocking smile on its round white face.

And for the first time he had misgivings.

* * *

The house was lighted up, he noticed, although the hour was late.

She was expecting him!

So, it seemed, were others.

What concern was it of theirs? he asked himself, as he paid the cabby.

They were not such great folks, he and Em, that he needed to be met on the doorstep and escorted into her apartments.

Before the door closed he caught a glimpse of the moon—it was a derisive smile.

"Why, Em," he cried, "what is the matter?"

Why was she lying so still; and why had they covered her with a sheet?

Through the uncurtained window the moon shone full in mockery—and he understood.

A. M. STEWART.

# BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

## EXERCISING AUTHORITY.

One of the most difficult problems which confronts the business-man is the question of discipline.

To what extent should he exercise his authority? Should he rule his staff with a rod of iron, or should he absolutely let them please themselves, and simply sack them if they do not please him?

As a general rule, it is safe to practise in this matter the same principle that you employ in riding or driving a horse.

You do not keep a tight rein on the horse all the time; your hand gives and takes, allowing his head free play, but yet feeling his mouth constantly. It is generally wise to adopt a similar system with employees.

A very strong man will, when he is given his fullest scope, devote himself whole-heartedly to the interests of his employer, and the more rein that he is given the better he will work. But strong men are not to be found every day, and in considering the question of discipline we must think rather of the average employee.

He is generally young, and essentially human, with all a man's weaknesses, and, perhaps, with some of a man's good points.

He is a commercial asset of a valuable kind, but you must know how to use him if you are going to get the best out of him.

### THE MAN IS EVERYTHING.

He may impress you with the fact that he is willing and competent, and you may even be tempted to make him a sort of second-in-command, a lieutenant who is going to back up your captaincy, and who is able to act upon his own initiative. Sometimes you are right in taking this view, and sometimes you are not. Everything depends upon the man.

Some men work the better for being given their head, and some stumble hopelessly as soon as they feel that the reins are slack.

I do not propose to deal here with the employer who finds pleasure in throwing his weight about. He is a commercial cipher, and we need not consider him seriously.

He has entered the lists of business for the purposes of vanity; he comes to the City daily because he likes to feel that there are people depending upon him for their incomes. His career is generally a short one, because vanity is not a thing that a modern business man can afford to indulge in.

### CHILDISH EMPLOYERS.

The employer who swanks, who makes absurd rules in his office, warehouse, or shop, simply because he has the power to do so and likes to exercise that power, generally comes a cropper very early in the fight, for there is not very much in him or he would not be vain.

We may, therefore, dismiss from our consideration the employer who concentrates his mind on absurd trifles of discipline, but, while admitting his error, we must also remember that it is possible to err in the other direction.

A certain amount of discipline is necessary in every business, but it should not be of the childish, schoolboy variety.

The man who insists upon his employees taking their hats off to him in the street is an ass, and ought to have been born about three hundred years ago, but the employer who trusts too much to his assistants is almost equally unwise.

Every man is human, and—to return to the horsey parallel with which I began this discussion—he needs a spur.

There are times when, through indigestion, private worry, or something else, he feels slack, and it is only the knowledge that if his work falls short he will be pulled up that keeps him up to the collar.

The matter of punctuality illustrates sufficiently what I am driving at. The employer who allows a good deal of rein to his staff is apt to discover that they do not come to work smartly in the morning.

This shows my meaning pretty well. At getting-up time there is a natural and almost an excusable tendency to take another quarter of an hour in bed. The man in bed weighs things over in his somnolent mind. He assures himself that his employer will not object to his arriving a quarter of an hour late at the office, and that he will, in fact, work better for having had a few minutes more of sleep. The view he takes is human and natural, but he would not have taken it, and he would not have been late, if he had had an employer who was a martinet for punctuality.

### THE NEED FOR REIN.

To employers I would say, give your staff plenty of rein, but keep an eye on them constantly, and, if you find them slacking, pull them up with a gentle remonstrance.

There are some employees who are incompetent in certain hands, but who can be driven very successfully in others, but the employee who has to be constantly driven is too much of a nuisance to be profitable, and I do not recommend dealings with him.

I have been laying down a general rule, applying, with more or less truth, to general conditions of commerce, but it must never be forgotten by employers that from time to time they will strike up against an exceptional employee.

There is, for example, the extremely sensitive man, who will do anything for you so long as he regards you as a friend, but whose spirit rebels at once as soon as he begins to think he is being driven.

### WHERE DIPLOMACY TELLS.

He is most difficult to deal with, and is bound to have his toes trodden upon many times in the course of his commercial career, but, all the same, you can use him to good purpose if you treat him rightly.

In a case like this as in many others in the course of business, you will find the need for diplomacy. In these days you must be diplomatic, whether you are dealing with your business equals or your own employees, and it is the man who has diplomacy who generally wins in the long run.

Employers should remember also that it is from their own employees that they are likely to find the best men for the increasing of their business.

In business you constantly want men to help you in this way. No matter how clever you are, it is to your advantage to find someone who can go a step further, in one direction at least, than you can go, and it is from the ranks of your own employees that you are going to find such a man.

Therefore, I say, drive your employees judiciously, kindly, and, if necessary, firmly, but never be harsh. It is upon their loyalty and upon their personal fidelity to you that increase in your business will depend.

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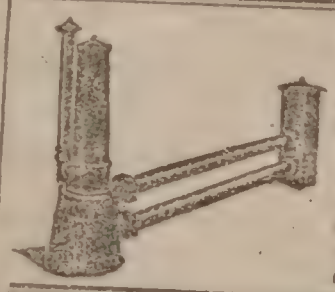

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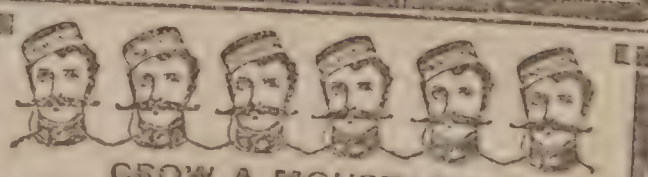

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# Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

## XXXIV.

## THE FIRST BLOW.

It was past six o'clock, and the general offices were nearly empty as Richard passed through, having just come in from an afternoon spent in the works, and what few clerks yet remained were making preparations for departure.

Calling a cheery good-night here and there, Richard entered his private room, where he found Graill standing with his back to the fire, waiting for him.

"Finished?" asked Richard.

"Yes; have you?"

"Finished for here. I'm going along now to the other place. We shall have those three machines up and ready before daylight, all being well."

"And then?" queried Graill.

Richard was bending over his desk, glancing through the letters waiting for his signature. He looked round.

"And then a relief to your anxiety, eh?"

"Well, I'm getting a bit sick of you sleeping at that deserted place, keeping guard over those blessed machines like a dog over a bone. Besides, the ride home is beastly tame these dark nights."

"The dark's your element," observed Richard, resuming his reading. "There's a strain of the werewolf in your blood."

"And in yours," retorted Graill, "or you'd never have the nerve to stick the dismal loneliness of that factory. However, it isn't that, nor the fact that I've had to do without your company to the farm for a bit."

"I've been thinking," he added, after an interval.

"No!" exclaimed Richard, much amazed.

"I have," pursued Graill, refusing to laugh. "I want to know when the deuce you're going to make a move against this Syndicate. A month gone now, and them discharging a horde of their specialised top-storey documents at every damn dealer in chain in the United Kingdom, not to speak of half a hundred Yankee travellers with tongues like olive oil and faces of brass raiding 'em ditto. We're getting left, Dick. That's what I'm anxious about, if you want to know."

"All right; let 'em go on," said Richard over his shoulder.

"Let 'em go on! Yes, you can trust J. T. Dean for that," said Graill grimly. "There's nothing funereal in proceedings while he's about. Why, every hardware journal is hailing this concern—this infernal Syndicate—as an example of British enterprise that deserves everyone's encouragement and support. British enterprise, forsooth!"

"Let 'em go on," said Richard again, sitting down and taking up his pen.

"We're losing ground. There isn't an agent that's not complaining that the Syndicate underquotes every time. These Yanks have all got the knack of persuading the buyer to divulge the figure of his lowest quotation—then 2½ per cent. under, and there you are—the order lost."

"You've been seeing ghosts these night rides," said Richard contentedly.

"But isn't it as clear as daylight?" continued Graill, exasperated.

"Absolutely," agreed Richard. "They're shooting right across the market and illuminating everything with glory. Rather reminds you of a rocket, doesn't it?

"Now shut up for a minute, there's a good chap," he added, his pen between his teeth.

Graill lit a cigarette, and relapsed into moody silence. Though he had little doubt of Richard's ability to face and conquer this attack on his prosperity, he was rather oppressed with the formidable strength of the forces against him, and inclined to think that Richard estimated them too lightly. The calmness of confidence is often mistaken for indifference.

"I wish I had the knack of stringing words together like you have," observed Richard presently. "This letter to Rushall's is a positive gem of literature."

"A rotten sort of compliment! I never met a chap yet who could write who wasn't a perfect ass at other things.

"By the way, what was it I said?" he asked, somewhat inconsistently, whereat Richard smiled to himself. "I've written so many to-day that I can't remember."

"'In reply to your esteemed inquiry of yesterday's date,'" replied Richard, wheeling his chair and reading solemnly, "'our Mr. Selby will have the pleasure of calling upon you personally at noon to-morrow to discuss the matter.'"

"Thanks," said Graill drily. "The compliment was justified after all."

Richard regarded him quizzically, then got up and took the sheaf of letters into the outer office.

"Get these off," he said, "and that will be all."

An office-boy took them from him.

"No need for you to wait, Hammond," called Richard to a dark young fellow at the other end of the office. Then he returned to Graill.

"Hammond seems an industrious chap," remarked Richard.

"Very," said Graill casually.

The following moment he asked "Why?" Richard's observation had struck him as curiously irrelevant.

"Oh, nothing," replied Richard, crossing to his desk and proceeding to clear up the papers lying about on it.

When he had finished he crossed over to the fire and stood gazing at Graill with amused eyes.

"You look as glum as a saint," he said. "What's the trouble?"

"I want to know when you're going to begin to hit back," replied Graill, and a sudden flush of temper suffused his face.

Richard laughed softly.

"We're hitting all the time," he said.

"How?" demanded Graill mystified.

"I'll explain," said Richard. "You don't like Dean—or the Syndicate; it's the same thing—cutting in among our customers and helping himself. You expected me to drop prices to keep 'em?"

"I did," agreed Graill decidedly.

"Yes. And, no doubt, knowing something of American methods of appropriating a market, you'll have guessed that Dean will have set aside a fairly massive sum, which he will be willing to sacrifice in the attempt to knock me out of the field. He's out for something big, you know, and won't be afraid to pay a big initial price for it, if I read him right."

Graill nodded.

"So he gently underquotes every time," continued Richard, "no matter what my figure is. He'll keep on doing that. Below a certain [illegible] we shall both be losing, and he knows who [illegible] stand that longest—me or his half-a-million sterling syndicate.

"Well, you need have no fear," he went on quietly. "The price of chain is going down as deep as the devil. But it's not going suddenly—not yet. We're waiting for each other. It [illegible] Dean's game to lower prices more than he can help just now, because he knows my process is a cheaper one than his, and he's getting all he wants by gradually snapping up my customers. Very well. I've let him so far. Though, if you've noticed, it's the small fry. It will be when the big fish come along that the fight will begin in earnest."

"Go on," said Graill, his eyes never leaving Richard's unemotional face.

"Then you can easily see that if I'd banged the market down right away, it would have been playing into his hands, besides giving a hint that I was scared. The man over-quick to chuck himself into a tussle is generally the one who would bolt if he stopped to think. No. Let him stew. He's getting cock-sure."

"Rushall's a big fish," put in Graill. "What are you going to do about them? You're surely not going to let Dean beat you there?"

"Dean's going to have that order," replied Richard, serenely.

Graill stared blank astonishment.

"But the order's worth sixteen hundred pounds. And they're the biggest buyers in London, bar none!"

"Right both times," assented Richard, unmoved.

"But you'll have a struggle for it?"

"The very deuce of one. But Dean will get it."

Graill made a hopeless gesture.

"I'm damned if I can follow you," he said. "What's your scheme?"

"That part of the tale will have to come later," was Richard's answer. "I'm rather superstitious about anticipating results. Well, you see, there's nothing much to worry over up to now. We'll just have a whisky, then I must clear off to the other place to superintend the erection of those machines. We're beginning at seven."

"Ah! those machines!" Graill's face lit up. "They're what will pulverise friend Dean, if anything does. I wonder whether he's yet got wind of them."

"Can't tell. If he does he'll never guess their worth—not till they're in regular work and he finds I can undersell him twenty-five per cent. and still make profit." Richard laughed. "When he does—well, as Mark would put it, the gloves will be off."

"Here! I'm coming with you," said Graill abruptly.

"Better not. It's an all-night job, and there's nothing you can do."

"I don't care." The fire of excitement had dispelled Graill's gloom. "I can't stand inaction while there's so much going on. I'll send a wire to the old folks."

Richard deliberated—then consented.

"Right-o," he said. "As it happens, I shall want you first thing in the morning. I'm catching the early train to London, and as there won't be time to open the letters before I start, you'll have to travel up with me and take down notes for replies. You can get back by the next train."

"Then I'll just cut along to the post-office and send a wire," said Graill gladly.

"Yes, do. I'll make a start and you can follow me up. It will be just as well for us to leave the town separately; you never know who's on the spy."

Richard put on his coat and went out again into the general offices. "Where's Hammond?" he asked one of the boys.

"Gone, sir."

"How long?"

"About a minute or two, sir."

"All right."

He lit his pipe, strolled out, and in a few minutes was walking along the canal-side away from Moulden. The towing path was very dark

and it was impossible to see much more than half a dozen yards ahead.

For a short time Richard proceeded at a pace that gave Graill little chance of catching him up. Then he did a peculiar thing. He stepped into the dense shade of a tree on his left, and marked time with his feet, loudly at first, then softening like the footfalls of one disappearing in the distance, and at last stood silent and still.

Another man came along, treading with unusual softness. When he was a couple of yards away Richard moved out. The man stopped dead.

"Could you oblige with a match?" asked Richard, politely.

There was an odd silence. "No, I ain't got one," came a reply at length, in a muffled voice.

"M-m! it's a pity." Richard searched in his pockets. "Ah!" he said, "I've got some after all."

There was a sudden movement of the man, as if he meant to run, then he appeared to think better of it.

Richard struck a match and had a look at him. "I thought so," he said quietly. "Good evening, Hammond."

"Why, it's you sir!" exclaimed Hammond. "I didn't recognise you in the dark."

"How many times have you followed me like this?" demanded Richard curtly.

"Followed you!" Hammond was incredulous. "Why, sir, whatever makes you think ——"

"That'll do," cut in Richard, and his strong hand fell on Hammond's shoulder. "I happen to know. Now!"—his voice was sharp and stern—"the truth, straight out, and no shuffling. Dean employs you?"

"Y-yes." The admission was hardly audible.

"You had an interview with him the day before yesterday?"

"Y-yes."

"And you're to tell him all you can get to know of me and my business? Quick! Answer me!"

"I—I was going to give you notice on Saturday, sir," Hammond faltered.

Richard's iron fingers dug hard into his flesh. "A spy!" he said in a loud tone. "The dirtiest game a man can play. A spy!" Using the strength of his arm, he threw Hammond backwards. "Get back to your employer," he said.

There was something about Richard that made contempt from him unendurable. Unexpectedly, Hammond found his voice, and courage, and pride.

"I won't," he said, striding quickly up to Richard. "I won't. *Damn* him! The bribing devil! He got round me. He tempted me with promises of all sorts. I never thought!" He seized Richard's arm, and his voice cracked. "I never thought!" he said again.

Richard considered rapidly. The lad's distress was genuine, and he had seen in a flash the way to test him, and also to turn this weapon on his enemy.

"D'you expect," said Richard, "that I can trust you again after this?"

"No, I don't ask you to," answered Hammond miserably. "But I won't work for Dean against you. I'll see him——"

"Listen!" said Richard, interrupting. "What have you told him so far?"

"Nothing. I was to meet him to-night."

"Where?"

"At the George—accidentally."

"Did he give any explicit instructions?"

"He wanted copies of quotations principally. At first I told him I wouldn't do anything of the kind——"

"Never mind excuses. Taken any to-day?"

Another pause—and Hammond felt in his pocket and gave Richard a paper. Then, all at once, he had his face in his hands.

"Never mind, sonny," said Richard, and the hands came away quickly. "You've done with Dean after to-night. But to-night you'll see him that letter to Rusball's—you read that?"

"Yes."

"Very well, you'll tell Dean what I'm doing—that I'm calling on them to-morrow, and you'll also tell him that you heard me say I was going to quote thirteen-and-six a hundredweight. I've said it now—you understand. That for to-night, and you know nothing else. To-morrow you'll write to him, and return the money he's already given you—yes, I can guess you've had some—and say you've changed your mind. Now, what do you decide?"

"I'll do it," said Hammond instantly.

"Then you'd best clear. I'm expecting Mr. Graill along every minute. All right. You can trust me never to mention the matter to anybody, just as I trust you to forget you've been a fool. Good-night."

Giving him a firm clasp of the hand, Richard left him and strode away rapidly into the darkness.

* * * * * * *

It was the charming habit of J. T. Dean to be exceedingly affable and courteous to Richard whenever he met him. Both these tokens of friendship were manifest upon his encountering Richard on the platform of Moulden Railway Station the following morning, and he was palpably disappointed not to have the pleasure of Richard's society on the journey to London, owing to a first-class carriage having been reserved for Richard and his secretary, Graill.

"I shall probably run across you in the city," he remarked, pleasantly. "I think our calls lie in the same direction."

On arriving at Euston, Richard delayed to chat a while longer with Graill.

"He'll be cabbing it direct to Rushall's instanter," said the latter, looking after Dean's retreating figure, "to try and secure that order before you get there."

"Probably," said Richard indifferently.

"Have you made up your mind what price to quote?"

"Yes; thirteen-and-six."

Grail whistled. "Phew! that's a big drop, isn't it? If I remember right, it was eighteen shillings odd last time."

"Thirteen-and-six is my exact cost price just now," said Richard calmly.

"Then you're content to execute the line with no profit just to make sure of preserving the customer?"

"You're forgetting," smiled Richard. "The order won't be given to me."

"But Dean will never quote as low as that!"

"I think he'll quote a shade lower," observed Richard. "Well, good-bye," he said briskly. "I hope to get back this afternoon, and you shall hear how things have turned out then."

At noon precisely his card was presented at Rushall's, and in another minute he was in the presence of the buyer, who greeted him with the warmth of a personal friend.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, after social amenities had been exchanged and business was under discussion. "I'm afraid you'll miss this line on the present occasion. I have been offered a ridiculously low figure—so low, indeed, that I was careful to assure myself there was no mistake."

"How low," inquired Richard, bluntly.

"Thirteen shillings," replied the buyer without hesitation.

"The order placed?"

"Oh no! Of course I waited to see what you could do. The maker is calling again. I don't mind confessing that it is the Syndicate, Mr. Selby. They seem to be revolutionising things, don't they?"

"They do."

"Then you can't better their figure?"

Richard leaned forward.

"I want to give you a contract for twelve hundred tons of that quality of chain—you to deliver to my instructions one hundred tons per month—providing that you can accept it at thirteen-and-three," he said.

The buyer looked his astonishment for a moment, then nodded.

"It will be a lean line for us," he said, "but if I can get the Syndicate to accept it at the figure they have mentioned for this other order, I am disposed to accept it."

"They'll take it," Richard assured him; "particularly," he said significantly, "if they should be led to believe that I am in competition for it myself."

A slow, discerning smile spread over the buyer's face. "I begin to see," he said.

"They might even take twelve-and-nine," suggested Richard, "but, of course, that's your affair."

"Of course," said the buyer gravely. But his eyes twinkled. He was never averse to the practice of a little commercial subterfuge.

"You'll wire me definitely as soon as you can?" queried Richard, rising.

"You shall know to-day, one way or the other. I think you may safely leave it with me."

"Thanks," said Richard. "That means that I shall have the pleasure of posting the contract to-night."

His anticipations were justified. A telegram advising acceptance lay on his desk at Moulden when he returned.

"That," said Richard to Graill, passing it over, means a loss of a couple of thousand to the Syndicate, and a gain of half as much again to me. For I disposed of the twelve hundred tons elsewhere in the City at a profit of three shillings a hundredweight before leaving."

"The gloves off, by gad!" exclaimed Graill, delightedly.

"Looks like it," said Richard.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]


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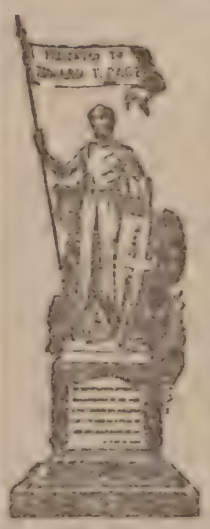

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# The Prompter

A STUDY.

By S. MORSE-CHAPLIN.

The man leaned back in his armchair and closed his eyes. By and by his book, held in listless fingers, dropped to the floor. He felt it go, but he made no effort to pick it up. His eyes ached, and he wanted to think.

A clock on the mantelpiece was ticking rapidly. Save for that there was no other sound in the room. It occurred to the drowsy man how seldom one was aware of the ceaselessness of time. Moments seemed to speed towards him now like gnats in the sunshine, and went by, little black dots in a hurry. So would time be hurrying on, silent and unobserved, a million years ahead and into eternity, long after he was dust. Hurrying and busy!

A remote twinge of mental sharpness disturbed his somnolence for a moment.

Time was busy. All things were busy, hastening towards something—all things but himself. His had never been a strenuous nature. He soon tired. All sorts of bright expectations had shone upon him in his youth. He had even felt pleasant anticipations about himself. Big things he was going to do some day, big things. Make his mark on life, not wait till life made its mark on him. That was the real spirit of youth, splendid, but rather ridiculous. For what did it matter either way? Besides, there was plenty of time.

That was the beauty of time; it was so inexhaustible. And he was only thirty-two. When one came to think of it, thirty-two was a peculiarly gratifying age. It had the charm of juvenility while quite escaping the odium of mawkishness; it was young enough to deserve indulgence, yet too old to receive rebuke; an age chokeful of possibilities, but with no particular hurry to demonstrate them.

He stretched to a yawn.

* * * * * * *

"Isn't it jolly well time you woke up?" said a shrill little voice.

He opened his eyes and stared at a tiny child who sat in the opposite chair.

"Hullo!" he said, "where did you spring from?"

The little girl in the white nightdress curled up in the opposite armchair with her head pressed firmly against the back of it returned the stare with interest.

"You may well ask," she said, severely.

"But—but—what brings you here? How did you get in my rooms? Who are you?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for giving me the trouble," she went on, entirely ignoring his questions. "At this time of night, too!"

"But what the deuce——"

"Hush!" she warned. "You mustn't use language like that."

There was a hostile silence.

"I've a good mind," he began.

"You have. That's why I've come. You don't think it was given you for nothing, do you?"

"Look here," he shouted, and hurried on to prevent another check. "I won't stand this! If you were a boy I'd cuff your head."

"Ah! but I'm not," she taunted.

"Well, then, I'll ring for the housekeeper."

"Of course, you know best," she observed.

"M—m!" He got to his feet and laughed. "An explanation certainly would be awkward."

"That's better!" said the little girl. "You only look sillier than ever when you're angry." He went nearer, thrust his hands into his trousers pockets, and gazed down at her curiously.

"Would you mind telling me," he asked politely, "who you are?"

"I'm the prompter," she replied.

"What the d——I mean, are you indeed! A prompter of what, pray?"

"The people who forget their parts."

"Oh!"

"Yes—oh!" she mocked.

"I wish you wouldn't be so disagreeable about it," he grumbled.

"You'd be disagreeable if you'd been turned out of bed in the middle of the night to go and prompt somebody who wasn't worth it!"

"I assure you I'm awfully sorry. If I'd only known——"

"Oh, it doesn't matter, it's done now!" she said sharply.

He sat down again.

"Well?" she asked. "What have you got to say for yourself?"

"What about?"

"About your part."

"But I don't know what it is."

"Gracious me!" she exclaimed. "You're worse than I thought." She searched among the lace of her nightdress, brought out a little gold book, and after turning over a few pages found the place. Then she read out what it was.

"Here, I say!" he protested in dismay. "I can't play such a hard part as that."

"That's what they all say," she retorted, contemptuously. "But you've got to. The play wants it ever so badly."

"No doubt! But it means giving up everything."

"That's splendid fun," she said encouragingly. "You try it!"

"Well, what's the plot of the play?"

"Never mind! You didn't write it, did you?"

"No, I didn't," he admitted grimly. "But I often wonder."

The little girl reflected; then she uncurled, got out of the chair, and tripped across on bare feet. He lifted her on to his knee, and she pulled down his head to whisper.

"I'll tell you something, shall I? Only a little bit, but you must never forget. It's got a beautiful ending."

* * * * * * *

They went on talking intimately until the clock broke in with two deep words. "Gracious!" she said, "look at the time. They'll be wondering wherever I've got to."

"I ought to be sorry for dragging you out of bed," he said, pinching her cheek, "but I'm not. When can you come again?"

"Never. Not now you've promised."

"Oh!"

"Oh!" she mimicked, but sweetly this time. "But I'll treat you the same as the others; I'll come and whisper sometimes. You're lucky, you know; it's only special cases I visit personally."

"I feel deeply honoured," he assured her with gravity, "though I suspect you say that to everybody."

"Perhaps I do," she confessed, climbing off his knee, "but of course they never tell. You see, all the parts matter to the play, and there isn't one any better than another. It's only how they're played."

"Good night," she said, lifting her face to be kissed, "and mind you begin to-morrow."

"I will," said the man to the empty room, waking with a start.

# DEVELOPING PLATES.

## ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTICLE

In my previous articles I have dealt with the purchasing of an outfit and the method of making correct exposures. The next process is development, and on the success of this depends the picture.

If your camera is made to take roll films I most strongly advise you to use a daylight developing tank.

This tank enables you to be independent of the dark room. The booklet included with the tank developing outfit describes the method of using it in non-technical terms which you will have no difficulty in following.

If your model is a plate camera, developing will be a more serious matter. There are several makes of tanks on the market for developing plates; these I would strongly recommend for men in digs, who have no dark room accommodation.

If you have a dark room or have the use of one you will just follow the old-fashioned method of developing.

No matter what make of plate you are using you will find enclosed in each box a formula for developing them. In addition to this there are a thousand and one different developers on the market, all of which claim to be the best, many of them being for the purpose of securing special results.

The beginner will be well advised to use the formula found in the box of plates, for naturally the makers give the formula which they know will produce the best results.

If you are not quite clear on the subject, or do not get the results which you should do from any make of plates and developer, do not hesitate to write to the makers; I have always found them reply most courteously to even a simple query connected with their goods.

Having got your dishes containing developing and fixing solutions ready, and other articles close at hand, you will make the dark room perfectly white-light proof. You must work with the ruby light, and of that you must have just enough to see with. As you advance, the work becomes mechanical, and you do it almost without light at all.

The plate which has been exposed must be carefully placed in dish No. 1, film side upwards, the dish being taken in the left hand. Then carefully pour the developer from a measure in the right hand rapidly but gently over the plate, the dish being rocked so as to make the liquid flow into the corners, which it might be inclined to avoid. When the plate is completely covered the rocking must be kept up until the image is developed.

If everything has gone right, one of the many phenomena in connection with the photographic art will begin to take place.

The plate shows no indication of having been acted upon at all before the developer is poured over it. After, perhaps, twenty or thirty seconds there is a slight darkening of some part.

Now is the time when we can tell whether or not the exposure has been correct; if it has been the development will progress with beautiful regularity.

If the plates have been under-exposed, it will take longer before the high lights appear, and after they do the action will stop, no more detail coming out, but large patches of the plate remaining white as before. If, on the other hand, it has been over-exposed, the high lights will appear a little sooner, and almost immediately afterwards the whole of the plate will be covered with deposit, no part remaining white.

The result of incorrect exposure is, with under-exposure, a hard picture with contrasts over-marked and with heavy shadows in which none of the detail which is visible to the eye is represented. With over-exposure we find a flat uninteresting production, showing all the detail which there is in the original, but lacking the contrast of light and shade.

THE FIN[illegible]

## BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

**J. H. P.** (Dalston).—If you had read our previous notes in this column you would have seen that we have frequently recommended as a cure for thin hair the sprinkling of a little paraffin on the scalp, followed by a thorough brushing. Part your hair in the centre by all means. It happens to be the fashion at the moment.

**P. C.** (Bradford).—You must be very young to think that it is impossible for you to find time for anything other than business. Work a bit harder during the daylight, so that you will have some time to enjoy yourself in the evenings.

**T. H. J.** (Spennymoor).—Do not attempt to tan the skin yourself, for the result will be unsatisfactory. Send it to a tanner.

**A. K.** (Leicester).—It is absurd to expect a man of your age to spend all his leisure in study. You want a bit of exercise to make you strong, for without strength you will never be a success. Let your father see this paragraph and get him to think it over.

**G. L. W.** (Llanfairfechan).—Typewriting is not necessary so long as manuscripts are legible, but do not forget to enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you expect your contribution to be returned in the event of rejection.

**B. W. H.** (Harrogate).—Thanks for your suggestion. There is no paper so far as we know with the title you mention, but one of these days we may produce one.

**F. W. T.** (London, N.W.).—In your case, the medals should be worn on the breast, and not on the lapel.

**C. R.** (Manchester).—Many thanks. When we feel that we need a rest cure we may, perhaps, take a trip with you to Jamaica, but at the present moment we are feeling pretty fresh. Thanks all the same.

**E. H. W.** (Dublin).—In the matter of your evening-dress waistcoat, you should stick to very quiet, simple colours such as buff or pale blue, but black and white vests are still fashionable.

**W. W.** (Lutterworth).—The cheap trouser presses recently advertised on the "The Outer Man" page are perfectly reliable.

**C. R. R.** (British Museum).—At your age you could join the Territorials only as a trumpeter or a bugler. Do that now, and become a trooper as soon as you can.

**H. B.** (Burton-on-Trent).—£20 would scarcely be enough capital for you to open a newsagent's shop with. We should strongly advise you to obtain practical experience before you start on your own.

**C. E. P.** (Crewe).—one of the best books on veterinary matters is that which is given away by Elliman's people with each bottle of their horse embrocation.

**J. C.** (Balloch).—Don't be fooled by these outside stockbrokers. If you must waste your money, try to get some fun out of it.

**A. G. GAUNTLET** (139, Huddleston Road, Tufnell Park, N.) wants to know whether any reader of this paper is sufficiently keen on gymnastics to take up the instructorship of a small semi-private gymnasium. So far as we can gather, no salary except gratitude is offered.

**J. S.** (Bexhill).—It's all right to send us a long letter of appreciation, but what is the good of it if you do not send us your full address, so that we might write and thank you personally?

**J. N. I.** (Middlesbrough).—You had better write to Spalding's, of 317 and 318, High Holborn, London, W.C. We believe that they publish a book on horizontal bar and ring work.

**R. M.** (Parow, Cape Colony).—There is no system of shorthand specially designed for medical terms, and you would have to adapt a system for yourself. The Sloan-Duployan system is thoroughly reliable and easy to learn.

**C. W. M.** (Sydney).—Wherefore this indignation? If you had repeated your query instead of upbraiding us for not answering your last one you would have saved time.

*[A number of replies are unavoidably held over.]*

# SOME HINTS ON ROWING

## FACTS FOR THE NOVICE AND OTHERS.

The regatta season, which is the end of the year for the rowing man, came to an end a month or more ago, but at the 'Varsities, and with all clubs whose committees are wise, the rowing season lasts throughout the year.

Rome was not built in a day, and one does not learn to be a finished oarsman in a week. At the 'Varsities it is possible for a man to go down to the river every day, and to spend his whole afternoon being "tubbed," or learning the elements of rowing in a fixed-seat four. But the average oarsman in a local club cannot afford the time for such constant practice, although he has none the less to learn. Saturday afternoon is probably his only available time, for at this time of the year rowing after six o'clock in the evening is not possible as it is in the summer.

It is necessary, therefore, to take time by the forelock, and to start training beginners and eradicating the fundamental faults of the old hands, which have previously had to be overlooked in the endeavour to "get the boat together."

### TUBBING.

The beginner will make his first acquaintance with an oar in a tub pair, which, owing to its extreme wobbliness, will probably seem to him to resemble anything but a tub.

The oar is grasped with the hands about one hand's breadth apart, and so that the wrists are not bent when the blade of the oar is absolutely vertical, in which position it should always enter the water.

The first thing to learn is to swing. Most beginners are under the impression that all the hard work in rowing is done with the arms. This is quite a mistake, and one should treat the arms, at least as far as the stroke itself is concerned, as if they were merely hanks of rope connecting the body with the oar. The man who tries to row with the muscles of his arms will get on very little work, and will tire himself out in no time. (I am speaking, of course, of rowing proper; with sculling it is very different.)

### HOW TO SWING.

The swing should come from the hips, the body being treated as if it were composed of two stiff rods, joined at the middle, *i.e.*, at the hips. The back must not be allowed to bend in the middle of the stroke, and though it is not necessary to row with an absolutely stiff back, it should remain in the same position throughout the stroke. To row with a round back is both bad style and extremely fatiguing.

The moment the oar enters the water the body begins to swing back, and the legs must aid it by driving on the stretcher. It is only leg-work that can make a fast boat, and I have rowed in more than one boat that met with considerable success in spite of a remarkable lack of style, simply because it used its legs to some purpose.

Having grasped some idea of what should happen during the stroke itself, that is to say, while the oar blade is actually in the water, it is time to think about rhythm and the swing forward.

### COMING FORWARD.

The importance of this is rarely appreciated at first, and it is not until you see an eight at work that you realise how essential it is that all should come forward together and that there should be a rhythm in the boat.

If the crew come forward too quickly, it stands to reason that a pretty considerable weight is being hurled towards the stern of the boat, which is therefore prevented from running between the strokes. The ideal is that the boat should slide away from under you so that your body comes slowly forward, as it does so, until the sharp beginning of the next stroke starts the shoulders travelling back again.

There are three parts to every stroke—the stroke itself, when the blade is in the water, the recovery, of which more anon, and the swing forward, and of these the last should be just about as long as the other two put together.

At the end of the stroke the body will be lying backwards slightly. The "recovery" consists in bringing it smartly up until it is just past the perpendicular, and at the same time shooting the hands away from it, when the body is checked and the arms are straight for the steady swing forward.

The hands at the end of the stroke have come well into the chest with the backs horizontal and the wrists bent. They must at no period of the stroke rise above the lower part of the chest, or more of the oar than the blade will be covered.

The above sketch, from a snap-shot of a crew stroked, as Stuart stroked Cambridge in 1908, frow bow side, shows very well the difference between a good and a bad finish.

### THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG FINISH.

"Stroke" is finishing well, except that his knees should be lower at so late a point of the stroke. The man on the right, however, is obviously pulling with his arms and not using his legs, and his elbows are not, as they should be, close to his sides.

At the finish of the stroke they must be shot away from the body with a rather complicated movement, which usually takes the novice some time to learn, but which it is most important to bring off smartly, as it turns the oar on to the feather, and helps the recovery of the body.

The hands are first dropped as low as possible, then turned by the lowering of the wrists until the knuckles of the fingers are uppermost, and then carried away from the body as smartly as possible.

The dropping of the hands raises the oar clear of the water, and is all the more essential on a windy day.

### PRACTICE AT HOME.

The two things which the novice finds most difficult at first, are the recovery and the body-swing.

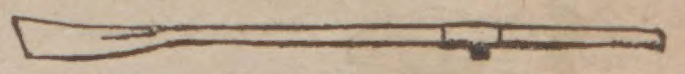
The practised rowing man's joints become supple in time, and he is able to get a long swing with his body, forcing it down upon his thighs when he comes forward, and shutting up like a pair of scissors without overreaching with his shoulders—a bad fault that is always to be guarded against.

But this only comes with time, and it is a very good plan to practise swinging in your room, sitting on a low stool or large book with your feet against the wall. Be careful to sit as you would in a boat, only upon the very edge of the book or stool; the seat in a rowing boat is not meant for sitting on. With a slide, of course, it is different, and you sit on your seat but take it with you as you swing, but I have been speaking throughout of fixed seats, on which the beginner will first learn his work, at the expense of much tribulation and soreness.

While you are thus practising the swing, the motions should be gone through with the hands, which will thus learn the movements of the recovery and by being brought forward without an oar to rest on will get something of that lightness which is so essential to style.

The man who is heavy with his hands and bores down into the bottom of the boat with them, will send his oar-blade up into the air, spoil the look of any crew he may be in, and earn the well-merited abuse of his coach.

C. S.



# The Outer Man

**A WEEKLY FEATURE.**

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

**THE BACHELOR'S BUTTONS.**

The unprotected male who has no one at hand to sew on his buttons for him when they come off at the most inconvenient moments, usually learns to keep a needle and cotton handy and to do the job himself.

If, however, he finds that button-sewing is not to his taste, he ought not to omit to keep some of those friends to bachelors which are intended to take the place of the stitched-on variety.

A tie-clip with a button attached is an excellent expedient which can be transferred to take place of a braces button.

Another form of emergency button that necessitates a little more damage to the clothes, but is none the less useful, is one with a shank like a stud, which can be run through the cloth and which clips into a flat back on the other side.

Unless the cloth is very loosely woven or the tension very great, this substitute can be used for any length of time, and is just as serviceable as the stitched-on button.

Either of these little devices can, I believe, be obtained at any outfitter's.

**A HOME-MADE TROUSER PRESS.**

The mattress of one's bed makes an excellent temporary trouser press, but it is not much good if you are wanting to leave a pair of trousers under treatment for a long time, for every time the bed is made the trousers are liable to become disarranged.

A very cheap substitute, however, for the expensive thumbscrew press may be made on the principle of the small presses which some of us may have had as children for the pressing of wild flowers.

All you need is a pair of plain boards of the usual trouser-press size, and about ½in. in thickness. See that they are absolutely flat and not warped before you start.

Besides these you want a pair of straps—the straps of your Gladstone bag, which would otherwise be lying idle, will answer the purpose.

The trousers—as many pairs as you like—are then placed in the usual way between the boards, with a sheet of cardboard or thick brown paper, if you like, between them.

Having arranged the trousers in the press, pass the straps round the whole, about six inches from the ends of the boards, and strap them up as tight as possible.

It is not possible, of course, to get the same amount of pressure as you would from four thumbscrews, but you will get quite enough to make a very decent crease, and you will keep the trousers from getting crumpled or creased in the wrong places.

**THE BOWLER WITH RIDING KIT.**

A correspondent asks me whether it is correct to wear a bowler in conjunction with breeches and leggings.

I can only reply that it depends very much on the shape of the bowler and the cut of the other garments, and also on the man who wears them.

The bowler or hard felt hat is, of course, the correct headgear for riding, unless you are in full hunting kit and wear a "topper." Any day in the Row or in the hunting-field you may see dozens of men in bowlers.

But a bowler that smacks of the City, one with a broad and curly brim, looks merely out of place with riding breeches and leggings.

Moreover, any sort of bowler merely looks foolish with breeches or unblocked leggings which were obviously not intended for riding.

In the country it is safer to stick to the cap, but for town wear the bowler is quite correct, so long as it is obvious that you have been riding or are going to do so.

If you are merely wearing breeches and leggings for your own comfort or for protection against mud, or for any other reason in which a horse does not play a part, as you have a perfect right to wear them, it is best to avoid a bowler and to wear an unobtrusive cap, or perhaps a cloth hat.

**THE DISAPPEARING FANCY WAISTCOAT.**

There is no doubt that the popularity of the fancy waistcoat has been for the last year on the wane, and although for evening wear the tinted dress waistcoat is becoming more generally worn, the morning waistcoat that is not of the same stuff as the suit, is much more rarely to be seen than formerly.

The style that still remains to some extent in favour, however, besides the white summer waistcoat which is not likely to disappear, is a plain self-coloured waistcoat of a material resembling doeskin, and of a hue in keeping with the general tone of the suit.

Dove-grey and other shades of grey and blue are among the most popular for wear with grey suits or black and dark grey coats, and buff or some shade of brown is also worn by many with brown suits.

The waistcoat with spots or stripes is dead, a thing of the past, and, considering the enormities that used to be perpetrated in that line, one can hardly be sorry.

They will no doubt crop up again, but for the present let them rest in peace.

For evening wear the palest shades only should be worn, preferably some variety of grey or blue. Waistcoats with narrow black-and-white stripes, however, have made their appearance this season.

**TIES AND TIE-PINS.**

This return to the suit that is a complete whole, with a waistcoat that is of the same stuff as the rest, must inevitably make a closer attention to the shirt and tie necessary.

A neat and well-tied tie is perhaps more important than anything else in a well-dressed man's turn-out, and it is all the more necessary when one has not a coloured fancy waistcoat to distract the attention from it, and when the opening at the neck is cut so low as is now fashionable.

Heavy-striped ties seem to be now in vogue, but the plain black open-ended tie or a loosely knitted one is hard to beat, though it requires to be relieved by some form of pin—a plain gold safety pin, if you cannot raise one with a *real* stone in it, or the new M.M. tie-pin which the Editor has shown me will look particularly well on a plain black tie.

It seems to me just about the right size for a tie-pin, and there is no better place than the tie for the wearing of a badge, whether it be that of some athletic or other club or a league such as that which the Editor is now founding. It can be worn as a tie-pin without appearing ostentatious, and without any charge of vulgarity being brought against the wearer.

But when a tie-pin of any kind is worn, it should, as I have said before, fulfil a useful purpose by fastening the tie down to the shirt and preventing it bulging out. It should not be a mere useless ornament.

If run through the shirt as well as the tie, it will remain in place much better, and will probably enable you to dispense with the piece of cork used by so many men to protect the point, and to keep the pin from dropping out.

THE MODERN MAN

THE CITY.

and

THE SHIRE.

THE MODERN MAC

form an ideal combination, as in each case they represent the best of their kind. If you are the MAN, this is the MAC for you. A mac is an indispensable part of every MODERN MAN'S wardrobe. In it you may face any weather in comfort and security—you will not be at the mercy of a shower or storm which may come at any inopportune moment. **But be sure it is a GOOD mac.**

**We are specialists in this line, and offer you a selection of 36 smart, absolutely waterproof, serviceable, and well-ventilated coats at**

**ALL PRICES FROM 19/6 to 42/**

Made in all the latest and most fashionable materials, and of up-to-date style.

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**FREE PATTERNS.**

They are sure to please you. Your difficulty will be in selection not in choosing.

**Your money returned in full if not satisfactory.**

**SEND NOW.**

**GEO. DUDLEY & CO.,**

**1, Harwood House, Walham Green, London, S.W.**

THE BEST FITTING AND BEST TAILORED EVENING DRESS SUIT IN LONDON.

Now is the time when a man feels the need of an new Evening Dress Suit for the coming Winter Season.

Last year's suit is, perhaps, still presentable, but you know you are not looking your best in it, and at a dance you want to appear as well as possible.

Our new Evening Dress Suit is absolutely the latest in cut, style and finish, and yet, owing to the magnitude of our business, we can produce it for the remarkably low sum of

**63/-**

The material is Elastic Twill or Black Vicuna.

We guarantee a Perfect Fit by Post.

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

**J. & H. ELLIS,**

**The Smart Set Tailors,**

**201, STRAND, W.C.,**

**And 20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.**

*Every Londoner should make a point of calling*

This is a sample of style and fit. *We give it.*

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# Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

**In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.**

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

## DRESS.

New fashionable Evening Dress Suit, only worn once, cost £3 17s. 6d.; accept 35s., or best offer; height 5ft. 10½in., chest 38in., waist 34in., leg 33in.—Box 1263, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Long Box-cloth Driving Coat, chest 36, £1; Donegal Cycling Suit, 10s., good condition.—Box 1259, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Dressing Gown, grey wool, suit tall gentleman, scarcely used; cost 37s. 6d., sell 15s.—Box 1260, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Two pairs Riding Breeches in splendid condition, made of finest material, cost 25s. pair, hardly used; accept 22s. to clear both pairs.—Box 1275, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

High-class black suit, almost new, 25s.; brown winter overcoat, £1; dark grey overcoat, velvet collar, 15s.; cycling knickers, riding cut, new, 7s. 6d.; above will fit person 5ft. 7in., chest 35in.; riding breeches fit slight person, 5ft. 5in., 7s. 6d.; or reasonable offers.—Box 1274, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For the Modern Mac see advt., Dudley, page 24.

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Gun, double-barrel, No. 12, hammerless ejector, by good makers; neatly engraved, as new, with excellent flat leather case, brass corners; only used once; owner no further use for them.—Box 1257, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For sale, double-barrelled breech-loading gun, 12-bore, top-lever Damascus barrels, left choke, splendid killer, only been used one season, cost £5 10s., sell £3.—Clarkson, Butcher, Cheapside, Middleton, Manchester.

## "DIGS."

Gentleman wants Diggings in Farmhouse, within easy reach of London, as he must travel to town daily.—State full particulars and terms to Box 1154, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Bournemouth West.—Board-Residence, near sea, Alum Chine, and trams; terms moderate.—Mrs. Clade, Maxwell Villa, Middle Road.

## DOGS.

Staffordshire bull terrier dog, 1 year, grand guard, game, affectionate; £2, or nearest.—80, Osborn Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.

## POULTRY YARD.

Hillier's 100-egg Incubator and Foster-Mother, with all accessories; £1.—Box 1279, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Heating apparatus of all kinds for all purposes.—See Marathon Boiler Co.'s advertisement, page 21.

## MUSIC.

Wanted to exchange for mandoline, valued 35s., guitar (preferred), cornet, or ¼-plate bellows camera.—Apply Box 1270, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Banjo, good condition, 10s., only wants strings.—Box 1267, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

## EDUCATIONAL.

Shorthand.—Pitman's system taught in exchange for piano lessons.—King, 51, Hardcastle-street, Peckham, S.E.

To Writers.—Ideas for Short Stories, &c.; P.O. 1s.—Charles, 29, Bridge Road, Stratford.

"Harmsworth History," 8 vols., quite new, best leather binding; 45s.; cost 50s.—Box 1272, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"Creswicke's Complete History Last Boer War"; what offers?—Parry, 35, Parade, Pontypridd.

Gentleman would like to correspond with advertisement writer, view to coaching.—Terms, &c., Box 1256, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Shorthand.—See Sloan-Duployan advt., page 19.

## CYCLES.

Gentleman's; sloping frame, capital condition, free wheel, back brake; genuine bargain, £3.—Box 1278, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

## JEWELLERY.

A beautiful pearl pin, splendid lustre, cost £6, sale £2 10s., or exchange Edison home phonograph, or part exchange travelling portmanteau or good fishing rod.—Box 1271, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Real Mother of Pearl Necklace, with solid pearl cross, 200 stones (from Holy Land); 5s. 6d., nice present.—Box 1264, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

## MEDICAL.

Medical Electricity.—Pulvermacher's 5-guinea Galvanic Chain Battery; condition new, 52s. 6d.—Webster, Westbourne-road, Ramsey, Isle of Man.

Biliousness and sick headaches the mornings after winter festivities are entirely avoided by taking one of my Dinner Pills after suppers or late dinners. 1s. 3d. per box, post free.—Box 1268, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"WHY NOT" send for a bottle of Dr. Carter's Embrocation? The athlete's friend.—See Model Home Specialities advertisement, page 16.

Certain cure for Rupture. Write for free trial.—Stewart Plaster Pad Co., Room 3, 66, Shoe Lane.

## SITUATIONS VACANT.

Good Salaries, Liberal Pensions; the Civil Service offers these, and our system of teaching by mail overcomes the examination difficulty; success awaits youths (under twenty years of age) who enrol with us.—Address Dept. B, Palatine Correspondence College, 39, Woodland-road, Seaforth, Liverpool.

Gentlemanly Representative required, as outdoor salesman, by well-known London house. 50s. weekly, with excellent prospects to approved applicant.—Box 1281, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

"Tale-Writing for Money," "What to Write About," and "101 Authors' Money-making Recipes." Far better advice than literary schools sell for pounds; 7d. each; two, 1s. 1d.; three, 1s. 6d. free.—Magazine Syndicate, Southport, Lancs.

"Grit, combined with a few shillings outlay," will make you independent for life. Our book contains 400 real trade secrets and the "Know How"; post paid, 1s. 2d.—G. M. Wilkes Company, Stockton, Rugby.

Unredeemed Pledges; manufacturer's stock; men's damp proof chromo Derby shooting boots, stitched and standard screwed; every pair worth 17s. 6d.; to clear 10s. 6d. all sizes.—Tommis, Pawnbroker, Northampton.

Wanted, pair of sprint wheels; must be cheap and in good condition.—H. Jeffryes, 25, Shieldfield Green, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

How 4s. Capital made £1 a day. Full details of how a young man cleared £1 a day for months on an outlay of 4s. You can do the same. An honest business proposition for either sex. Full working plan for 1s. 6d.—Box 1258, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For Sale, treadle fret machine, cost 70s. What offers?—2, Keppock Street, Cardiff.

"Money-making Secrets" (400), 1s. 2d.; 500 veterinary recipes, 1s. 2d.; both books 1s. 7d., for advertisement.—Philip Hughes, Publisher, Weston-super-Mare.

Agents, Eureka! My stunning value Xmas Cards are automatic sellers. Agents say so. Glowing thanks from agents arriving. Write quick.—Philip Hughes, Publisher, Weston-super-Mare.

[STRANGE SECRET.] How to tell if people are telling you the truth. No fake, but a sensible secret, sent to any address for P.O. 1s.—Box 1265, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For sale, Midge post card camera with accessories; £2, or offer.—Box 1283, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Handsome Field Glasses, 10 acromatic lenses, clear definition, not used; sacrifice 15s., worth 35s.—Box 1261, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Pocket Box Kodak, takes films, aluminium fittings, perfect condition, cost £1 1s.; sacrifice, 8s. 6d.—Box 1266, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"Gilette" safety razor with six blades, almost new; No. 2 "Brownie" camera, with daylight developing tank accessories complete. What offers?—Box 1269, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Enlargements, well finished, mounted, 20in. by 16in., from any photo; 3s. 6d. post free.—Box 1273, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

**PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.**

**Full List of 1,500 Special Bargains, Post Free.**

10S. 6D.—Gent's 18-carat Gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper; ten years' warranty. Also Double Curb Albert, Seal attached, same quality. Three together, great sacrifice, 10s. 6d., worth £2 2s. Approval willingly before payment.

19S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Dark Brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality. Tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn. Breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 32½in. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Worth 50s. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

25S.—Very fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, Anno 1712. Rich, mellow tone. Bow and case. Suit professional or soloist. Sacrifice, 25s., worth £10. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glass, Powerful £5 5s. Military Binocular, as used in the Army and Navy, 50 mile range; shows bullet mark 1,000 yards; 10 acromatic lenses; wide field, saddler-made sling case. Great sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval privately before payment.

29S. 6D.—(Worth £7 7s.) Double Breech-Loader Gun; 12-bore, top lever, proof tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire; sacrifice 29s. 6d. Also another, hammerless, worth £10 10s.; sacrifice, 65s. Approval.

21S.—Gent's £5 5s. Solid Silver, Real English Hall-marked Lever Watch; exam. by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London; high-grade jewelled movement; timed to a few seconds a month; ten years' warranty. Also Gent's Solid Silver English Hall-marked Massive Curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached. Together, great sacrifice, £1 1s. Approval before payment.

29S. 6D. Service A 1 quality Spoons and Forks.—Five dozen solid silver-plated, stamped E.P.N.S., A 1, 12 each Table, Dessert Spoons and Forks and Teas, 60 pieces. Sacrifice, 29s. 6d.; list price £10 18s.; half quantity, 15s. Approval willingly before payment.

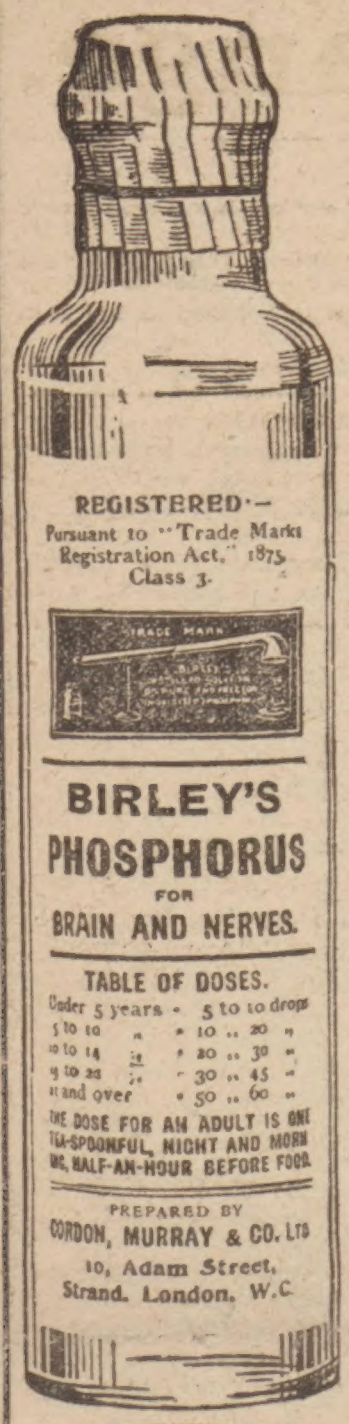
10S. 6D.—Sheffield Cutlery, £4 4s. Service, 12 Table, 12 Cheese Knives, Carvers and Steel. Crayford ivory handles. Unsoiled. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Sent for inspection privately before payment.

12S. 6D.—Real Russian Furs—latest style. Magnificent rich dark sable brown, 8ft. long Granville Stole, deep shaped collar, richly satin lined, beautifully trimmed 12 Russian tails and heads, and handsome large Granny Muff to match. Together, great sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Sent for inspection quite privately before payment.

9S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 9s. 6d. Approval.

Money Lent on Jewellery, Watches, and Plate. Old Gold and Silver bought or taken in exchange.

**DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.**




TRY

# BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

## FOR ONE WEEK

# FREE

It is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must give back to the brain and nerves the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS **PROPERLY** ADMINISTERED

# CURES ALL NERVE COMPLAINTS

It has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo, or Giddiness, and those *vague and undefined nervous conditions* (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

Each and every one of these distressing conditions can be made to yield to and disappear under the direct influence of Birley's Phosphorus.

Oppressed by worry, anxiety, overwork, and heavy responsibilities, the nervous system deteriorates, and leaves the way open for all manner of complaints. Birley's Phosphorus should here be allowed to give its incomparable aid. It invigorates, sustains, strengthens, and fortifies the nervous system.

As a reviver during stress of extra business and overwork it is invaluable, for it quickens and enriches the brain and nerves that bear the strain. It promotes recovery after illness.

Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus.

Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be supplied with the one element they alone are in need of, and so maintained in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

**Birley's Phosphorus is obtainable of all Chemists, 8½c., 1/1½, 2/6, 4/6.**

**SEND THIS COUPON (D.X. 34) TO-DAY**

to Gordon, Murray, and Co., Ltd., 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C., with Four Penny Stamps to cover Parcel Postage, Packing, and Dispatching, and the generous-size Trial Bottle of Birley's Phosphorus, as illustrated above (containing a week's supply), will be forwarded by return. Also pamphlet explaining how Phosphorus acts on the system. **ONE** Trial Bottle **Only** to each applicant. Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.